

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By William H. Prescott. 2 vols. London: 1855.
2. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic: a History.* By John Lothrop Motley. 3 vols. London: 1856.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, from the grave in which he lies, still confers new and very unexpected gifts upon Spain. In the fifteenth century he gave her the New World. In the nineteenth, that New World gives back historians to Spain,—historians, who not only investigate and describe with becoming enthusiasm her great actions and her conquests in that new hemisphere which is their country, but who follow the destinies of Spain herself to their ancient source, upon her own soil, and in the past annals of Europe. It is from America that we have, in our own time, received the most extensive survey of Spanish literature and the most captivating narratives of Spanish political history; for Ferdinand the Catholic, Isabella of Castille, Charles V., and Philip II., inspire as much curiosity and interest to these Transatlantic historians as the exploits of Cortes in Mexico, or of Pizarro in Peru.

Nor is this the only circumstance worthy of remark in the volumes now before us. These historians of European or American Spain are neither Spaniards nor Catholics. They belong to another race; they profess another faith; they speak another tongue. Washington Irving, Prescott, and Ticknor are (so to speak) Englishmen and Protestants; for the sons of Protestant England are now the rulers of that continent which was discovered and conquered nearly four hundred years ago by the ancestors of Catholic Spain. The history of Spain has fallen, like her Transatlantic empire, into the grasp of foreigners and of heretics.

Is this, then, one of the strange caprices of fate in the destinies of nations? Or is it one of those mysterious designs of Providence upon mankind which remain impenetrable, even after the lapse of ages? Not so: it is a natural and consequential fact, which may be fully explained by the history of Spain

and of Europe for four centuries,—it is a sentence warrantably pronounced and justified by the course of events.

When Charles V., wearied with power, with public affairs, with mankind, and with himself, pronounced his third abdication, and sought, in the Monastery of Yuste, the repose he needed for his body and soul, he bequeathed to his son Philip II. the most vast and powerful monarchy which Christendom had ever known. In Europe, Spain, the north and the south of Italy, and the Low Countries—that is to say, Holland, Belgium, and six of the finest of the present departments of the north and northeast of France. In Africa, several of the most important positions on the northern coast, Oran, Tunis; and, on the western coast, the Cape Verde Islands and the Canaries. In Asia, the Archipelago of the Philippines and several of the Spice Islands. In America, the Archipelago of the West Indies, Mexico, Peru, and those unexplored territories which the Romish theocracy had assumed the right to grant in fee to Spanish ambition. Philip was also the husband of the Queen of England. The empire of Germany, which his father had not succeeded in transferring with his personal sceptre, devolved on his uncle Ferdinand—and so near that he rather resembled a vassal. Save this Imperial dignity, Philip succeeded to all the dominions of his father, who had seen, to borrow a fine expression of Montesquieu, “the world expand to enlarge the field of his greatness;” and it was under his reign that the pride of his subjects first boasted that the sun never set within his territories.

For that period of the world, and in comparison with the contemporary wealth of other nations, the internal prosperity of these possessions was not less brilliant. In Spain, an official document of 1492 sets down the population of the kingdom of Castille alone at 6,750,000—about double the amount estimated by Mr. Hallam to have formed at that time the population of this country. The permanent revenue of the Crown of Castille, which in 1474, at the accession of Isabella, was only 885,000 reals, had risen in 1504 to 26,253,334 reals; and the supplies voted by

the Cortes for that year added 16,113,014 reals,—in all, 42,396,348 reals, or about £400,000. The discovery of America, and the intercourse between the several portions of the monarchy, had given a rapid impulsion to the commercial activity of Spain; her mercantile marine reckoned, towards the close of the fifteenth century, nearly 1000 vessels. Still greater was the progress and the opulence of the Flemish provinces, then said to contain 350 walled towns, and more than 6000 small towns or burghs. Antwerp boasted of 100,000 inhabitants; and even the Venetian ambassador, in spite of his national predilections, did not scruple to compare that city to the Queen of the Adriatic. Such was the activity of the manufacturing population in these towns of Flanders, that, according to Guicciardini, children of five or six years old were profitably employed; and in the rural districts, amidst fields tilled and watered as carefully as the plain of Grenada, the intellectual culture of the people was so diffused, that, if we may believe the same authority, it was rare to meet a peasant who could not read and write. Thus, in the Spanish empire, the arts of war and the arts of peace flourished with equal splendor; and the same sovereign had at his disposal the gold of Mexico and Peru, the infantry of Spain, the industry of Flanders, the science, the taste, and the statecraft of Italy.

These resources lay at his disposal, in Spain at least, without contention and without control. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the first instance,—after them Charles V.,—had vanquished the adversaries, and crushed the obstacles, which had formerly limited the authority of the Crown. No divisions existed between the kingdoms of Spain. No unbelievers shared the territory with the Christian people. With the exception of Portugal, marriage and conquest had reduced the Peninsula to a single state. Unity had triumphed in the government as well as in the territory. The Mendozas, the Guzmans, the Ponces de Leon,—those haughty nobles who could arm, one against the other, a thousand pikemen, ten thousand men-at-arms, and who burned in Seville fifteen hundred houses of their foes,—had been subdued by the Crown, and were now arrayed about it for its honor and its service. The Commons of Castille, and that heroic pair who had marched at their head—Don Juan de Padilla and Doña Maria Pa-

checo, his wife—had failed, in 1522, in their struggle for liberty. Neither the feudal nobility nor the municipal bodies of Spain had accurately measured their pretensions by their strength; both these orders had been wanting in political intelligence and in the spirit of organization and of accommodation which can alone insure that success which is not won without difficulty by the best of causes. Neither by aristocrats nor by democrats, neither by a nobility nor by a people, can the wants of an age, the essential conditions of social order, and the gradation of the respective ranks of society be overlooked with impunity. A just sympathy hangs over the memory of these generous defenders of ancient rights and of public liberty in Spain; but their defeat was natural; and if they had for a moment conquered Ferdinand or Charles V., they must soon have lost a power which they had not the wisdom or the strength to exercise.

Philip II., then, succeeded at once to a vast monarchy and to a victorious and unlimited monarchical power. And no man was more fitted by nature to enjoy without diminution this double inheritance. Able, laborious, persevering, firm, sagacious, skilful in the use of men, and skilful in dispensing with those who had served him best, he had not that ardent impetuosity, that intemperance of ambition and activity, which incites to wild and various undertakings, and which develops, but consumes, all the powers of the mind. Addicted to work, he was not less averse to movement; journeys—frequent and rapid changes of abode, of society, or of habits—bodily fatigue and the sudden incidents of war—intercourse with the people and all the great and exciting scenes of public life and human society, were objects of his antipathy. He lived at once in pomp and in silence, in business and in repose, in government and in solitude. On all occasions he was slow and secret; the most important events, the most exalted persons, the most urgent questions, could wring from him for many weeks no answer. When he entered a city where he was obliged to appear amongst his subjects, he flung himself back in his carriage to avoid their gaze. He was a sovereign of the closet, never extending his confidence beyond the narrow sphere of his own instruments, and even within that sphere suspicious of them; but though he would never have

conquered either the dominions, or the power, or the greatness which he inherited, he seemed born to preserve them in their integrity, and his life was devoted to their retention. He possessed for this purpose one great qualification which had been wanting to his father,—he was really and thoroughly a Spaniard. Born and bred in Flanders, Charles V. was at first, and long remained, a Fleming. When he ascended the throne of Spain, great and general was the irritation against his Flemish habits and predilections. At a later period, passing his life in constant intercourse with all the States of Europe, Charles V. became less Flemish, but not more Spanish. He spoke German, French, Italian, Flemish just as well and as readily as the Spanish tongue; and notwithstanding his retreat to the mountains of Estremadura, Flanders ever remained the home and country of his heart. Philip II. never had, either by birth or by affection, any other country than Spain: he spent in it the first twenty-one years of his life; he never left it but upon the most pressing occasions; he returned to it as soon as he could do so without extreme political peril; and he constantly evaded, during the last thirty-nine years of his reign, the reasons and the entreaties which summoned him to other parts of his dominions. He knew neither the German nor the Flemish languages; indifferently the Italian and the French. The Spanish was almost his only tongue, as Spain was his favorite abode. He found pleasure and confidence among Spaniards only. Between their faith and his faith—between their manners and his manners—between their tastes and his tastes—the harmony became every day more complete. Spaniards alone were summoned to his councils at Madrid, even to conduct the affairs of his other possessions; and when, in 1559, at the States-General of the Low Countries assembled at Ghent, the Flemings asked him to send away the Spanish troops and Cardinal Granvelle, because they were foreigners, he rejected their prayer with the ungracious reply: “I, too, am a foreigner.” For Spain and for its Sovereign, what elements were these of strength and of success! What pledges of a powerful and glorious future!

The condition of the Spanish monarchy in the middle of the sixteenth century will appear still more advantageous if it be compared to that of the two monarchies with

which its relations were most frequent and most important—that of France and that of England. Francis I. had been succeeded on the throne of France by a feeble prince,—rash, vain, equally ready to plunge into great undertakings and to recoil before obstacles or reverses. Charles V., before his abdication, had taken care to insure to his son, by the truce of Vaucelles, concluded for five years, an interval of repose not less needed by France than by Spain; but very few months had elapsed—perhaps, indeed, the negotiation of the truce was hardly terminated—when Henry II. allied himself to the Pope and the Sultan to make war on the most Catholic King; and by his orders the truce was abruptly broken in Italy by the Duc de Guise, in Flanders by Admiral de Coligny. On every point the fortune of war turned against France; in spite of the skill of Guise, the veteran experience of Montmorency, the heroism of Coligny, the battles of St. Quentin and Gravelines were lost; St. Quentin was taken by the Spaniards; Italy was evacuated by the French; and, after two years of a ruinous contest, in which the recovery of Calais was the only stroke of enterprise and of success, Henry II. hastened to conclude the inglorious peace of Cateau Cambresis, and to promise in marriage to the Infant Don Carlos, of tragical celebrity, that daughter of France who was some months afterwards to wed, in lieu of the Infant, Philip himself, a widower by the death of Queen Mary of England. The affairs of France were not more ably or more prosperously conducted at home than abroad. The Reformation was rapidly spreading there—not enough to secure its triumph, but enough to prolong the contest and to survive its defeat. Persecution grew more violent—civil war broke out—religious passion prevailed over national honor—faith spoke louder than patriotism—Catholics and Protestants invoked alike foreign aid. The Catholics dispatched frequent messages to Philip II., the bearers of their apprehensions and their entreaties. The Spanish ambassador in Paris, Perrenot de Chantonay, the brother of Cardinal Granvelle, denounced to his master the weakness of Catherine de Medicis towards the Protestants. “You may reckon,” wrote he, “that whatever is done at Geneva, as well in the pulpit as in the administration of the sacra-

ments, the like may be done with equal impunity throughout this kingdom, beginning with the King's palace." When Catherine obtained with difficulty that the Queen of Spain, her daughter, should come to meet her at Bayonne, the Duke of Alba was about her person, and repeated in the name of his master, and with his natural harshness, that "a prince can do nothing more scandalous or more injurious to his interests than to allow his people to live according to their conscience; that it was necessary before all things, by severe remedies, and without sparing steel or fire, to extirpate this evil to the root, since mildness and sufferance could not fail to increase it; that if the Queen was wanting in this her so just duty, his Catholic Majesty had resolved to sacrifice every thing, and even his life, to stop the course of a plague which he considered alike menacing to France and to Spain." But whether Catherine followed or did not follow these counsels, France became more and more a prey to religious and civil discord, and Spanish influence, sometimes combined with the Court, sometimes combined with those fanatic malcontents who were ere long to establish the Ligue, extended its supremacy over the country.

Over England, and its new Queen Elizabeth, Philip II. had less hold. On the death of Mary he had attempted to contract the same tie with her sister, and still to remain King Consort of England. Elizabeth evaded without absolutely rejecting the proposal. Philip renewed it; but he charged his ambassador, the Duke of Feria, "to speak out in the matter of religion, and to declare that he could only marry a Catholic Queen resolved to uphold the Catholic faith." Elizabeth declined altogether; but under the pretext that she did not intend to marry at all. Though, however, she resolved not to unite herself to Philip, she was not disposed to quarrel with him at once, and without absolute necessity. She knew too well the difficulties and perils which encompassed her to provoke the hostility she already anticipated. A Protestant by her position, by policy, by patriotism, and also to a certain extent in belief, she was called upon at the same time to maintain and to repress the Protestant party. She had to deal both with Catholics reluctant to resign that ascendancy which Mary had restored to them, and with

Puritans who aspired in the State as well as in the Church to a far bolder and broader reformation. On the morrow of her accession, on the frontiers of her kingdom, in the same island, a Catholic Queen, powerful by her connections and by the charms of her person, had already assumed the attitude of a rival, usurped the title of Queen of England, and commenced against her a series of conspiracies, which was to end thirty years later by a catastrophe fatal to the life of Mary Stuart, and scarcely less fatal to the glory of Elizabeth. And amidst these internal difficulties the Queen was, in spite of all her prudence, engaged abroad, with no support but that of a jealous though loyal Parliament and people, in the great struggle of the two principles which were contending throughout Christendom for authority and for freedom.

Thus, then, Philip II. found himself at the commencement of his reign the undisputed sovereign of the widest and richest of the monarchies of Europe,—the absolute master of his dominions, intimately united to the faith, the prejudices, and the manners of the land of his birth and of his predilection; whilst his neighbors and his rivals were States torn by religious and political dissensions, and princes incapable of empire, or inexperienced women on disputed thrones.

Let us pass at once from the middle to the end of the sixteenth century—from the accession of Philip II. to his death. Without tracing the slow and sinuous course of events, let us weigh the result of this whole period. We have seen in what condition Philip II. took the Spanish monarchy: let us inquire in what state he left it, and what that monarchy became under forty years of his government.

The scene is completely changed, both in the internal condition of the three monarchies, and in their mutual relations of strength, of activity, of European influence and greatness.

Spain had lost the Low Countries. Seven of those provinces had already entirely emancipated themselves from her empire, and formed, under the style of the United Provinces, a republic which took rank among the Powers of Europe. Philip II. still waged against his former subjects a feeble and hopeless war; but he was on the brink of the grave, and a few years later his son Philip III. con-

cluded at the Hague, under the name of a twelve years' truce, to save the last pang of royal pride, a treaty which was in fact a recognition of the independence of Holland and a peace. The other provinces of Flanders had indeed remained faithful to the Romish Church, but they were not the less alienated from the Spanish monarchy; Philip, not being able to govern them as he wished, desisted from governing them altogether, and handed over the sovereignty of the country to his eldest daughter, the Infanta Isabella, married to the Austrian Archduke Albert—a prince who had been a cardinal, but who shook off the ties of the Church to become a sovereign. In 1599 the Infanta and her husband reigned in Brussels, under the joint title of "the Archdukes." Thus the country of Charles V.,—those magnificent provinces for which Philip II. had labored incessantly for forty years,—where he had wrought so many acts of iniquity and of horror,—where he had inflicted such incalculable sufferings and roused such indomitable hatreds,—were, at the close of his long career, either lost altogether to the crown of Spain, or transferred to the German branch of his house, with the single reservation that they were to revert to the royal line in the event of a failure of issue from their new rulers.

Abroad, and especially in his relations with France, the designs and the efforts of Philip II. had proved equally vain. He had ardently fomented in France the two curses of religious persecution and of civil war. He had supported the Ligue and the Guises in their most factious plots to such an excess, that the Pope himself, and that Pope Sixtus V., repudiated his policy, and said to Louis of Gonzaga, Duc de Nevers: "In what school have you learnt that it is well to form parties against the will of their lawful sovereign? I am much afraid that things may be brought to such a pass, that the King of France, Catholic as he is, may be compelled to call for the aid of heretics to rescue him from the tyranny of the Catholics." Whilst Henry III. was still alive, Philip, in his eagerness to exclude Henry IV. from the throne, had concluded a formal treaty with the Guises, by which they mutually bound themselves that "none should ever reign in France either himself a heretic, or who being king should concede public impunity to her-

etics." After the assassination of Henry III., Philip, burning with the two-fold ardor of secular ambition and religious zeal, had recommended the party of the Ligue to call to the throne his own daughter Isabella, and he ordered the Duke of Parma to enter France with his army to support the Ligue at all hazards—even at the risk of losing the Low Countries. The Duke of Parma by two able campaigns did succeed in checking the progress of Henry IV., and still held the crown of France on the cast of a die. At the States General, assembled at Paris in 1593, Philip II. felt the full extent of his power; the faction of the "Seize" had formally offered the throne to himself or to some one of his descendants. Yet but a few months after this explosion of Spanish fanaticism, Henry IV. entered Paris the bearer of victory and peace. Two years later, Mayenne and the Ligue made their submission. In the following year Philip himself entered into negotiation with Henry of Bourbon; and on the 2d of May, 1598, the ambassadors of Spain signed the peace of Vervins, two weeks after Henry IV. had promulgated liberty of conscience to the Protestants by the Edict of Nantes—a measure far from complete, but greatly in advance of the prevailing spirit of those times, and which was the signal stamp and seal of the defeat of Philip II., the confusion of his maxims, and the ruin of his pretensions.

In his relations with England, the King had undergone reverses, not more bitter, perhaps, but even more direct and more terrible. His plots with Mary Stuart, sometimes designed to marry her to the Infant Don Carlos, sometimes to deliver her from captivity, and to place her on the throne of England, "whether Queen Elizabeth died a natural death or by any other kind of chance," had ended in a more tragical and disastrous failure than his French intrigues with the house of Guise. He had seen the most powerful armament which had ever sailed from the ports of Spain—the Invincible Armada itself—scattered and destroyed in a few days before the blasts of the tempest and the valor of English seamen. English cruisers had on several occasions ravaged the coast of Spain, and not long before Essex had taken and pillaged the city of Cadiz, Philip being unable to repel these attacks or to avenge these insults. Nay, it was with repugnance that

Elizabeth consented, on the solicitation of Henry IV., to join in the peace of Vervins, —a peace far more necessary to Philip than to herself, and far more eagerly desired by Spain than by England.

Scarcely was this peace signed when the King died, mutilated in his possessions, defeated in his political and religious ambition, humbled in his pride, leaving the Spanish monarchy enfeebled and depressed. Its neighbors, who had been his obsequious allies or his timid antagonists, were now its conquerors; and the contested acquisition of the crown of Portugal was the sole compensation which remained for so many losses and reverses. To this had Philip II., in a reign of forty-two years, brought the monarchy of Charles V.

Was, then, this decline an accident in the destinies of Spain, the fault of an individual, the result of the mistaken but transient policy of a single reign? To answer this question we must extend our survey; and as we have already passed from the accession to the death of Philip, let us descend from the death of Philip to the present time. The great witnesses of history are events examined by the light of ages. What has the monarchy of Charles V. become since the commencement of that decay already so perceptible under the sceptre of his son?

Beyond the confines of Europe, in America, there is no more Spain; all her conquests have shaken off her yoke, all her establishments have escaped from her authority. One splendid possession alone remains to her, —the Island of Cuba, the queen of the Antilles; but that possession is already precarious, day by day more coveted and more assailed by the United States, neighbors as powerful as they are ambitious, as daring as they are powerful, and which pursue the track of conquest like those mighty rivers that extend their course and overflow their boundaries by the incalculable volume of their waters.

The Spanish colonies, now severed from the mother country, have not become to Spain what the United States have become to England, —a wide and wealthy market, —a swarm of active and industrious settlers who have left the hive, but who, in spite of their rivalry, are still united to their parent State by habit, by interest, and by conformity of tastes, in close, manifold, and productive

intercourse. The colonies of Spain have sought to become free States. But Spain has given them none of the principles, the traditions, and the examples of liberty. They have conquered their independence only to fall into a state of anarchy, —a state of anarchy not less unfruitful than their former servitude. The most subversive notions, the most uncontrolled passions, are propagated and indulged without restraint and without success in the immense dismembered territories of what was once the Spanish empire. Catholics in name, these nations are infested by the excess of licentiousness and infidelity; they are the chief consumers of the cynical productions of the profligate incredulity of the last century, the refuse of our own. Spain has taught her colonies to defend and maintain her faith as ill as she taught them to establish and to exercise their own freedom.

In the North of Africa, whither she had first driven and afterwards pursued the Moors, Spain has long since retired before the descendants of that conquered people; the conquests of Charles V. and Cardinal Ximenes have been abandoned; nothing remains to her on that coast but one or two miserable receptacles for outlaws and convicts.

Upon the native soil of Spain, in that magnificent peninsula which is bounded by the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic Ocean, the prosperity and grandeur of the monarchy have shared the same fate. Two royal races, once the proudest rivals in glory and in power, the house of Austria and the house of Bourbon, have occupied that throne; both of them have left the Spanish nation in weakness and in apathy; the descendants of Louis XIV. degenerated at Madrid as rapidly as the descendants of Charles V. Under their administration Spain has witnessed the decline of her industry and wealth, of her armies, of her fleets, of her finances, of her literature as well as of her policy, of the mind as well as of the State. The well-meant but incoherent and incomplete reforms attempted by Charles III. disguised for a moment the ruin they failed to arrest. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been to Spain two centuries of servile government, of disorganization, of waning life.

Has, then, this state of intellectual and

political torpor in the government and in the nation preserved either one or the other from revolutions? Has stagnation secured durability? Does the soil, which has ceased to bear its increase, forget the shocks of the earthquake? Has the ^{trance} of Spain been a period of repose? The world knows it is not so. No sooner has an opportunity occurred, no sooner has some great blast from without swept over Spain, than the daring spirit of the age manifests itself as abruptly as if it had never ceased to haunt the nation; there, as elsewhere, blending gleams of intelligence with clouds and darkness; confounding generous desires with extravagant designs; not less presumptuous, not less ambitious, not less licentious than in those communities where it has long extended its authority and established its empire. No sooner had Spain been roused from her torpor by the call of national honor and of war, than she flung herself into the track of revolutions; her ancient manners, her ancient attachment to the Throne and to the Church are not yet altogether lost; and they have more than once rescued her from the brink of the precipice; they must still play a considerable part in her destinies; but they have to failed either to satisfy or to restrain her; they have failed to prevent the irruption of the revolutionary spirit; they will fail to overcome it; and if Spain emerges from the perils that surround her, she will certainly not return to that authority, alike oppressive and ineffectual, which Philip II. and his successors had imposed upon the nation.

While Spain has fallen into this state of apathy, which has not saved it from anarchy, what has been the fate of those neighboring States which were in the sixteenth century her subjects or her rivals? What has been the growth, and what have been the results of that growth, in the destinies of the Low Countries, of France, and of England?

Imagine Philip II. returning to Brussels to contemplate the aspect of Belgium—the Belgium of our own times. Instead of those subject provinces, eternally divided and mutually jealous in their common dependence, he would find a kingdom of no very ancient date, but already consolidated by trials of no ordinary gravity, and a Protestant sovereign who has not thought it necessary to

abjure the creed in which he was born, but who brings up his children in the faith of Rome, surrounded by the confidence, the respect, and the loyal attachment of a Catholic people; he would find the most entire religious liberty and toleration, proved by the continual and unrestrained expression of different forms of belief and of the fervor of different opinions, with their respective claims and their mutual controversies; he would find the municipal liberties of Flanders still in full vigor and still dear to the population; a vast deal of political freedom, exercised with judgment and moderation in spite of the awkward institutions of the country; an immense amount of industry and wealth diffused through all classes of society, and promoting the development of the intelligence as well as the prosperity of the nation. From the sixteenth to the nineteenth century what changes have been wrought! what obstacles surmounted! what improvements perfected! Philip would look on such a state of things with extreme surprise; scarcely would he resign himself to believe what he must see before him.

If he passed from Brussels to the Hague he would again encounter a fresh source of astonishment and disappointment. He would see in that spot his oldest and most tenacious enemy—the house of Nassau, tranquilly established on a throne, surrounded and supported by all the liberties, whether ancient or modern, of that country. The Protestant Low Countries have triumphantly survived, in the course of the last three centuries, the rudest trials ever inflicted on a people. Under a Republican form of government, they conquered, with infinite toil and sacrifices, the freedom of their faith and the independence of their government; abroad, they successfully resisted the greatest sovereigns of Europe,—the house of Austria and the house of Bourbon,—Philip II. and Louis XIV.; at home, they have outlived the miserable dissensions of the Commonwealth, the furious rivalry of those parties to both of which they owed their salvation,—that of a republican aristocracy, and that of a family of popular and patriotic princes. These labors being achieved, these perils being surmounted, when the events of another age opened before them, and the revolutions of the great European community pressed upon Holland, that an-

cient Republic assumed the form of a constitutional monarchy; neither stubborn to retain, nor prompt to discard, its former condition, but able to provide for the new exigencies of its situation by employing the different elements of its past history. For a people which has played a considerable part in the world, no act of progress is more difficult or more meritorious than a transformation thus modestly accomplished, with no defeat and no sacrifice of dignity to any party, under the influence of an enlightened sense of national interest and by a great act of public reason.

France, indeed, has suffered in these three centuries transformations far different, far deeper, far more poignant, than those of Holland. That country has desired or accepted rules of government the most various; monarchy and republicanism, absolutism and constitutional government, the despotism of a man and the despotism of an assembly, a supremacy in Europe sometimes earned by war, sometimes exercised in peace, the empire of the sword and the empire of opinion. But in none of these conditions has France found rest; none of them has sufficed to content or to arrest her; she has tried and traversed them all as experiments, soon to be cast aside with disgust; and she has exhibited to Europe the spectacle of a nation alternately ardent and indifferent, fit and unfit for political life, as mutable as she is mighty, capable of any conquest, incapable of any lasting possession.

Yet upon a closer and more attentive examination of these vicissitudes and inconsistencies of France, and of the revolutions of her government, it is not impossible to discover one desire, one hope, one national object still the same: though at times her course has been interrupted and that object thrown aside, it has never been completely forsaken, for it lived in the heart of the nation, even when no outward signs of activity disclosed its presence. In the sixteenth century, amidst the crimes and calamities of religious and civil war, the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, the President de Thou, the great judges of the land, the *bourgeoisie* of that age, were already bent on laying the foundations of a legal monarchy, and on securing the principal rights of personal freedom. In the seventeenth century the same design, enlarged to the

limitation of the power of the Crown and to the introduction of a more popular element in the government, gave rise to the coalition of a part of the nobility and the middle classes in the Fronde—that strange mixture of selfishness and of sincerity, of frivolity and of bloodshed. Long after this design had miscarried, when Mazarin and Louis XIV. had secured the ascendancy of pure monarchy, a pious and illustrious prelate, a proud and honorable courtier, a virtuous heir to the Crown,—Fenelon, St. Simon, and the Duc de Bourgogne—entertained a vision of reforming that monarchy for the honor of the aristocracy and the benefit of the nation. Reforms of a far bolder and broader nature became the fixed object and the passionate desire of the eighteenth century. The Revolution of 1789 was the result; in other words, the old society of France was recast in the mould of democracy; and this work, which was commenced under the name of constitutional monarchy, continued through all the crimes of the Republic, and was crowned by the glories of the Empire. After a quarter of a century of chaos and creation, of anarchy and despotism, of triumphs and of reverses,—when France was reduced by the intervention of Europe to that state of repose which she herself desired, she found that repose under the shelter of constitutional monarchy, and she lived for thirty-four years in the enjoyment of its blessings, believing that she had at last obtained that free government which she had projected in 1789. Plunged once more into anarchy, she eagerly accepted, to escape from fresh calamities, the alternative of a temperate despotism, sustained by an imperial dynasty and sanctioned by the suffrages of the people. But who shall venture to affirm that this is the termination of her political aberrations, or that she will not one day revert to the hopes and the experiment of free government, which she has already so often grasped, relinquished, and resumed with the same vivacity? In a new preface which M. Guizot has recently added to the sixth edition of his “History of Civilization in France,” he describes in forcible and accurate language these characteristics of the history of his country:

“France has undergone in the last four centuries the most extraordinary altern-

ations of anarchy and despotism, of illusion and disappointment. But she has never long renounced either order or liberty, the two conditions of the honor and the well-being of nations. That fact sheds a gleam of light over the gloom of our history. That fact tells us, that with all the errors and the crimes of these times, we are not such unexampled innovators or such idle dreamers as we are accused of being. The end we are pursuing is, in fact, the same which our forefathers pursued; they too labored in their day to emancipate and to raise, both morally and materially, the different classes of our society; they too aspired to insure, by free institutions and by the effectual participation of the nation in its government, the good conduct of public affairs, the rights and the liberties of individuals. And if they on many occasions failed in this generous design, still have some strong and manly minds, patrician or plebeian, magistrates or common citizens, stood erect amidst the general prostration, maintaining sound principles and lofty hopes, and not permitting the sacred fire to go out because no temple had yet been successfully raised about it. The confidence of these persevering champions of the good unfortunate cause has not been deceived; that cause has not only survived its misfortunes, but in its own good time it breaks forth with greater energy and power. Time enlarges what it does not destroy."

Whatever may be the obscurity of the future in the political government of France, that nation has no cause to view it with excessive apprehension; her past history may supply her with some consolations for the difficulties she encounters, and even for the failures, more or less protracted, she has to endure. There is more than one road which may lead nations to prosperity, civilization, and freedom. The road which France has taken is not the shortest or the surest; but along that road she has seldom ceased to advance. Devastated as she had been in the sixteenth century by religious animosities and persecutions, she nevertheless resumed in the seventeenth century, under the hand of Henry IV. and the sceptre of Louis XIV., her rapid course in every kind of activity, of progress, and of glory. Exhausted by the reverses, and instructed by the rapid decline of absolute monarchy, she cast herself with eager impetuosity, in the eighteenth century, upon the track of opposition, of reform, and of freedom: there, too, in spite of her extravagant pretensions and preposterous errors, she shone with no common intellectual lus-

tre, she extended over the world her opinions, her manners, and her influence, and she helped to prepare new destinies for the people of the earth:—a nation full of vital strength, rushing onwards, rushing in the wrong direction, then suddenly perceiving her error, and changing her course; or at other times motionless and apparently exhausted by her unprofitable search, but never resigned to impotence, finding in fresh efforts and fresh triumphs a compensation for her former failures—great, intelligent, and powerful, in spite of all her faults, and destined to float after a hundred shipwrecks.

The political life of England has been, for the last three hundred years, more temperate, more fortunate, and more skilfully conducted than that of France. England has achieved the task which France has vainly attempted—the establishment of a free government. That task has cost us two revolutions, but these revolutions (including even that of 1648, in spite of its excesses) were in truth the development, not the interruption, of the faith, the spirit, and the institutions of this country. Both in 1640 and 1688, the movement of the nation was essentially Protestant and Parliamentary. Parliament had been for centuries, and Protestantism had already been for a hundred years, the heart of England. When the people of England changed their government, they did not break with the past; and, far from abjuring their religion and their laws, they defended, established, and extended them more and more. The spirit of tradition has ever borne as large a part in our feelings and our actions as the spirit of innovation: and we owe to the combination and the equipoise of these two elements the social success of our revolutions, and that steady progress of legal liberty, of moral and religious stability, and of bold and persevering activity, which has now established, for nearly two hundred years, the strength, the prosperity, the glory of England, amidst the convulsions and the efforts of the rest of Europe.

We have exhausted our terms of comparison. We have drawn side by side at different eras of their greatness the contrasted destinies of the three great nations of Western Europe. Why then is Spain, which was so powerful precisely three hundred years ago, when in 1556 Charles V. resigned his empire to Philip II., so feeble at the present

time? How comes it to pass that France and England, following such different courses, and with such unequal success, have nevertheless both incessantly advanced and increased? The problem is worthy of our examination, for events which embrace so large a portion of the world and of time, are the revelation of eternal laws and the sentence of Divine justice.

The sixteenth century was the crisis of Christian Europe, for it was the tomb of the Middle Ages and the starting point of modern history. The principles of thought and action adopted at that period by the States of Europe have decided their fate.

Neither intellect, nor energy, nor virtue, nor glory, were wanting to those Middle Ages, which were long so unjustly appreciated, and which have been in our own time not less unjustly vaunted or decried. The Middle Ages were a period of faith and of conviction, of robust activity and original invention, fruitful in great things, in great men, and in courageous efforts for the freedom and progress of mankind: they fought out stoutly, and in spite of many obstacles, some of the great problems of humanity: in letters and the arts they sometimes touched the beautiful, often the sublime; and, although they oppressed and humbled, they did not scorn mankind. But, after several centuries of violent though monotonous fermentation, the great day of trial came upon the Middle Ages—that trial to which all the ages and conditions of humanity are sooner or later exposed. Fermentation cannot be perpetual or fruitless; organization must one day begin. The longer the society of the Middle Ages endured, the more deeply did the want of justice and of improvement, of order and of freedom, penetrate the strata of which that society was composed. The defects and abuses which lurk in all human affairs from their origin, or affect them by the injuries of time, broke forth at last at every stage of the social structure, in the Church as well as in the State. The society of the Middle Ages was urged to the work of organization and reform. The calls of interest and the claims of opinion, which had become more imperious or more exacting, summoned that society, whether feudal or municipal, lay or clerical, to assume a constitution, more regular and more stable, fitted to extend to all its members means of pro-

gress and pledges of protection. In that effort the society of the Middle Ages perished, for it was incapable of regular organization and of effectual reform. Good intentions and honest endeavors were not altogether wanting. In the political sphere, kings and their councillors, the States General of France, the Cortes of Spain, the Parliaments of England, the Municipal Confederations of Italy, Flanders, and Germany—in the ecclesiastical sphere, popes and councils, bishops and friars, labored more than once, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, for the redress of grievances, for the reformation of abuses, for the establishment of a regular government and an equitable authority over the civil and religious interests of Europe. Their efforts were vain. The tyrannical anarchy of the Middle Ages was untameable by man; no creation could naturally arise from that social chaos.

Nor is this result attributable solely to the rulers of the people in those ages, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, whether kings, popes, or nobles, or to their selfishness and their vices alone. This inaptitude and this absence of political organization were general in the Middle Ages, not less amongst the governed than amongst the governing order; they were as manifest in the struggle for liberty as in the acts of power. Whatever be the cause, whoever be the actors, a certain amount of intelligence, of wisdom, of foresight, of judicious and persevering moderation, is an indispensable condition of success. That condition is as necessary to nations as to sovereigns—to the band of insurgents as to their oppressor; and in all the vicissitudes of public life sacrifices must be made and conditions accepted in the name of the public interest rightly understood. But in the Middle Ages neither the people, nor the sovereigns, nor the burgesses, nor the nobles, nor the laity, nor the clergy, were wise enough, or enlightened enough, or temperate enough, or patient enough to form a just estimate of this public interest rightly understood, extending over a wide range of territory and of time, to submit to its requirements, or to adapt their conduct to insure its triumph. Their epoch was one of impetuous instinct, of abrupt resolution, of precipitate action, of brutal force. The men of those ages, circumscribed, even the greatest of them, within a dark and narrow horizon—ill-acquainted, even the wis-

est of them, with the facts and obstacles they had to meet, failed in their political designs at least as much from ignorance as from crime: their contracted views, their false notions, their misconceptions, and the mental twilight in which they lived, proved not less fatal to the attempted organization and reform of the Middle Ages, than the hostility of selfish interests or the tumult of malignant passions.

The great event, commonly called the Revival of Letters, which happened in the fifteenth century, added fresh impediments to the organization and reform of the society of the Middle Ages. The resurrection of republican and pagan antiquity shook and troubled the Christian world. That array of great actions and great men, so different from those of the existing generation—that galaxy of the recovered works of poets, philosophers, historians, and orators, so superior, at least in the perfection of external form, to the works of their own time—the novelty, the beauty, and the freedom of these renovated gifts, spells of no common power, intoxicated the upper classes of that ardent and unrefined society, who eagerly accepted this fresh excitement of intellectual gratification as a compensation for the burdens and the evils they had to bear. This trial was inevitable. The nations and races of the world which have filled the age with their lives and works cannot remain unknown or unnoticed by those which come after them. Providence itself, watching over the growth of mankind, forbids so great a waste of genius and of power. It is the mission and the glory of different peoples and of different æras to pass onwards the chain of their history and their being, and reciprocally to act on those they cannot know. To deplore the Revival of Letters, which gave us back the Greece and the Rome of antiquity, because the European society of the Middle Ages was struck and shattered by this revolution, would be an act of retrospective and retro-active barbarism. This was one of the phases through which the society of Christendom had to pass; and assuredly after having victoriously subdued the institutions of Paganism fifteen hundred years before, Christianity was not now to quail before its spectre. Taking an extended view of history and of time, the Revival of Letters neither corrupted nor impaired Christian civilization, but, on the con-

trary, gave it a broader and mightier impulsion to new and abundant increase. Yet at the moment when this event took place, it aggravated the disorder and the difficulties of Europe; it cast doubts and perplexities upon the faith and the usages of Christendom; and it inspired many of the most eminent men of that age with the discouraging and enervating feeling of contempt for the country and the time in which they lived. The human mind became more curious and more sceptical, whilst the manners of society were relaxed and enervated. The progress of this intellectual activity and appetite rendered that reformation, which the Middle Ages had vainly attempted to effect, at once more necessary and more difficult of execution.

The world, however, stops not, though it cease to be guided; and if its leaders fail it, others will be found to satisfy its desires. Just as the remains of Pagan antiquity were again disclosed in all their splendor, just as the spirit of the Middle Ages had failed to reconstitute the modern society of Christian nations, the sixteenth century opened by two mighty events,—events correlative though distinct,—the Reformation of the Church and the foundation of the great Monarchies of Europe.

Of the three great States whose policy and whose destiny it is here our object to characterize and to compare, Spain was the best prepared and the most resolved to accept one of these events and to reject the other. Monarchy had triumphed in Spain more completely and more gloriously than in any other part of Europe. By marriage or by conquest Ferdinand and Isabella had reduced the Peninsula to a single kingdom. Without immoderate violence, without revolting oppression, in the name and in the interest of public order, of justice, and of the common good, the authority of the Crown was already almost as much concentrated as the political condition of the territory. The feudal aristocracy were sufficiently subdued to serve and to shine, without resistance, in the army and the court. Indeed, the nobles did not always take their seats in the Cortes, to which the Crown summoned in preference the delegates of the towns—a loyal and docile class provided they were suffered to retain their corporate privileges, and were not called upon for too much money. The burgesses of Spain in the fifteenth century

showed so little zeal for a share in the government of the State; that considerable towns—such as Burgos and Toledo—solicited the King to pay their deputies; and many others, which enjoyed the right of representation in the Cortes, made over that right to the representatives of some neighboring city whom they charged to attend and vote on their behalf. The deputies of Salamanca are said to have represented five hundred towns and fourteen hundred villages. The whole province of Galicia sent no other representatives than those of the little town of Zamora; and when in 1506 several cities claimed the privilege of representation, led on that occasion by their interests to attend the Cortes, those cities which had constantly exercised the franchise opposed their demand, maintaining that by the ancient usage of the realm the right of representation was confined to eighteen cities of the kingdom. In opposition to popular claims thus limited and humble, Ferdinand and Isabella had found it an easy task to assert the plenitude and the independence of their royal authority.

The Spanish monarchy of the fifteenth century had moreover an advantage which has often been absent when it was most required: the two sovereigns were able and respected; one of them beloved by her subjects to a singular degree, and both of them faithfully and gloriously served by their principal ministers. Ferdinand of Arragon, though wanting in greatness of mind and splendor of genius, without rectitude in his foreign relations, without fidelity in his domestic life, was nevertheless a serious, laborious, sensible, moderate, frugal, and just prince, whose ambition did not exceed his strength, and who was little wont to abuse success. Isabella of Castille is of all the queens who have reigned in Europe that one who has left behind her the fairest reputation of virtue and the highest mark of ability; her great and conscientious character rose to enterprise and boldness in the hour of need, whilst she followed the modest course of a woman's life in the ordinary circumstances of her existence: she was at once dignified and affectionate; faithful to her friends and to her duties; and in her somewhat difficult relations with the King, her husband, she combined the submission of a wife with the independence

of a queen. She it was who comprehended and constantly supported—sometimes with great difficulty—Christopher Columbus, Gonsalvo of Cordova, and Cardinal Ximenes, three of the noblest and most honest subjects who ever served a Crown—three heroes under the tonsure, under the buckler, and in the solitudes of the Atlantic—all three alike unchangeable in their loyalty, although ill-treated after the death of Isabella by the master to whom they had given, one the New World, another the supremacy of Italy, the third the outworks of Islam on the African coast. Such was the monarchy of Spain as it rose from the chaos of the feudal system—such was the array which surrounded that throne.

But if Spain at the opening of the sixteenth century was prepared and zealous for the establishment of a great monarchy, she was utterly opposed to a religious reformation. The contest with the infidel had been for eight centuries the thought, the passion, the task, the glory of the Spanish nation. And in that nation the infidel was not this or that sect of Christians, this or that tribe of Spaniards, but the Arab, the Moor, aliens in race as well as in creed, enemies as well as miscreants, the conquered conquerors of a former age. All these religious and patriotic feelings, all these incentives to hatred and to war, rose at the name of unbelievers, and still glowed in Spanish hearts when the unbelievers became Protestants and heretics. It was against the Moors and the Jews, against the followers of Mahomet and the murderers of Christ, that Ferdinand and Isabella kindled the fires of persecution, and established the Inquisition to crush their ancient enemies in the name of their country and their Church.

A task somewhat dissimilar, but equally glorious, seemed to await them when Columbus had opened the gates of the New World. The Catholic kings were called upon to bring within the pale of Christianity and of their empire, those idolatrous nations whose very names and numbers were still unknown. To Queen Isabella especially this enterprise became a passion. Yet, ere long, her pious ambition was crossed by fresh perplexities; the fierce cupidity to which the Indians fell a prey, the atrocities committed to plunder and to convert them, excited scruples in her mind, which she expressed but a few days be-

fore her death, and in the terms of her will, with pathetic solicitude. Ferdinand, indeed, less scrupulous than the Queen, but not less wary, had treated the Moors with care and forbearance long after their defeat. Several of his ordinances prove that as late as 1499 the treaties which had secured to them the free exercise of their religion and their laws within the territory they inhabited, were faithfully observed. But a few scruples of conscience and a few precautions of policy do not long resist the authority of a principle and the impulse of a passion proclaimed and upheld by all the institutions and powers of the State. When the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella passed to their grandson, the unity of the Catholic faith imposed by political force, without distinction of persons or of means, was already the law and the will of Spain, both of the nation and of its rulers.

When Charles V. inherited from his grandfather this creed and this law, with the title of the Catholic kings, he found himself constrained to adopt equal, or rather far greater, measures of forbearance. The Moors of Spain were enemies long since exhausted and vanquished,—the Protestants of Germany were adversaries in the pride of youth and the ardor of progress. By the extent and variety of his possessions and his policy, Charles V. was successively and even simultaneously engaged in Italy against France and the Pope, in Germany against the Lutherans, in Africa against the Arabs, in Eastern Europe against the Turks, and everywhere in a series of variable and inconsistent contests which never allowed him to concentrate on one point, or on a single object, his movements and his forces. Though a Catholic and a despot, he was more politic than fanatical; and his judicious and clear-sighted comprehension sometimes taught him to yield to necessity, and even to pause in the execution of his fondest designs. In struggling against the Reformation he affected to act on political grounds, and not to resist religious freedom absolutely and in itself. He had Protestant allies against the Protestant League; and Cardinal Farnese quitted the Imperial camp with indignation because the service of the conventicle was performed beside the sacrifice of the mass. The history of Charles V. in Germany is but a long series of half measures, of temporiza-

tion, of concessions, of wavering, of compromises; and, after all, it was upon the basis of two great acts accepted by that prince—the Treaty of Passau in 1552, and the recess of the Diet of Augsburg in 1556—that a religious peace, that is to say, religious liberty among the States, was first established in Germany. But in his hereditary dominions—in the Low Countries, in Italy, and, above all, in Spain—Charles V. avenged himself for this extorted hypocrisy, and rigorously applied the principle of unity and constraint in matters of faith. He urged that principle still more absolutely from his cell in the monastery of Yuste. When released from the fatigues and the responsibility of power, he could only give, in the name of his conscience and his conviction, the advice of a free but not dispassionate spectator. Having learnt in May, 1558, that the doctrines of the Reformation had penetrated into Andalusia and Castille, he instantly wrote to his daughter, the Infanta Doña Juana, regent of the kingdom in the absence of Philip II. :

“Believe me, my daughter, that this affair causes me no small care, and brings me more grief than I can express, to see that these kingdoms were perfectly tranquil and exempt from such a calamity during the absence of the King and my own, but that now I am come hither to enter into my rest and to serve our Lord, so monstrous and insolent an abomination should break forth in my presence and your own, when I well know what toils and grief I have endured on this account in Germany, to the not small risk of my salvation. Assuredly, if I were not certain that you and the members of the Council who are about you will extirpate this evil to the root, I know not if I could resolve to remain here and not go forth myself to remedy the evil.” *

Four months afterwards, and a few days before his death, whilst adding a codicil to his will, he addressed to the King, his son, these last words :

“I command him as a father, and upon the obedience due to me, carefully to pursue and chastise the heretics with all the severity and vigor which their crime deserves, without allowing any guilty person to escape, and without regard to the prayers, the rank, and condition of any man : and in order that these my intentions may have their full

* “Recueil de Lettres inédites tirées des Archives de Simancas,” par M. Gachard, tom. I. p. 297. Brussels: 1854.

and entire effect, I recommend him everywhere to protect the holy office of the Inquisition; thus will he deserve that our Lord will insure the prosperity of his reign, will guide him in all his doings, and protect him against his enemies for my greater consolation."*

Philip obeyed the behest of his father to a degree which Charles V. himself would doubtless never have attained. The chastisement and extirpation of heresy,—the maintenance, the restoration or the extension, by fire and by the sword, of the unity of the faith,—was the object of his constant and devouring anxiety,—the rule and standard of his policy abroad as well as at home, in his family as well as in his dominions. There lay his entire history. We care not to linger over the uninviting spectacle; but one or two scenes may be recorded which disclose, with a malignant brightness, what the mind of such a man, and the government of such a King, became under the sway of the fixed and fatal idea that possessed him.

On the 29th of August, 1559, Philip returned from Flanders to Spain; it was the first time he had set foot in that kingdom since his father had resigned the sceptre to his grasp. He was in that flush of fortune and of satisfaction which Providence not unfrequently bestows on new-made kings. The war he had been compelled to wage in Italy against the Pope himself, sorely in his own despite, but from which the fiery Italian patriotism of Paul IV. had not allowed him to escape, had just been happily and moderately brought to a close. Against the King of France, his two generals, Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy and the Count Egmont, had just gained the brilliant victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines. He had employed this success to conclude the peace of Cateau Cambresis, and to marry the daughter of Henry II., the Princess Elizabeth de Valois, a charming girl of fifteen, who was to arrive a few months later in the Spanish territories. To celebrate meanwhile these auspicious events Philip resolved to hold a high festival with his people and his court.

On the 8th of October, barely six weeks after the King's arrival, an amphitheatre was raised upon the public square, before the Church of St. Francis at Valladolid. At six o'clock in the morning the bells of all

* Sandoval, "*Vida del Emperador Carlos V. en Yuste*," vol. II. p. 829.

the churches pealed forth. A solemn procession issued from the prisons of the Inquisition. Thirty prisoners came first; by the side of each of them two familiars of the Holy Office; and to fourteen of the number two attendant friars. Of these prisoners some were simply clad in black; others were muffled in a sack of yellow frieze, their heads covered with a conical cap, and upon this strange garb figures of devils and of flames were embroidered in gaudy colors. After them came the magistrates of the city, the civil judges, the clergy, the hidalgos on their steeds; and these were followed by the members of the Sacred Office itself, preceded by the arms of the Inquisition blazoned on a standard of crimson damask. Behind this procession rushed a mighty multitude of people, assembled from far and near to see the king on his throne and the heretics at the stake. It is stated by an eye-witness that not less than 200,000 persons were gathered together that day at Valladolid. The Inquisitors took their seats. Upon a platform raised hard by, the king sat, accompanied by his sister, the Infanta Doña Juana, his son Don Carlos, his nephew Alexander Farnese, afterwards Prince of Parma, and followed by the foreign ambassadors and the nobles of his court. Fronting this royal gallery rose a gigantic scaffold, to be seen from every part of that vast square. The assembly being complete, the Bishop of Zamora preached a sermon, called the Sermon of the Faith. The preaching having ceased, the Grand Inquisitor, Ferdinand Valdes, Archbishop of Seville, approached the king, who rose from his throne, and drew his sword. "Your majesty swears," said the prelate, "by the cross of that sword now resting in your royal hands, to give to the Holy Office of the Inquisition all necessary aid against heretics, and apostates, and all those who may favor the same, and to cause whomsoever shall act or speak against the Faith to be sought out and brought to justice." "I swear," replied Philip, making the sign of the Cross, which was instantly repeated by the whole assembly. The thirty prisoners were brought forth. Their sentence was read. Sixteen of them were *reconciled*,—that is, condemned either to a perpetual or a temporary imprisonment, with the confiscation of all their property. These knelt down and abjured their errors. The

fourteen others, being condemned to death, were immediately consigned to the stake. Those from whom the horror of that awful moment wrung any expressions of penitence obtained the favor of a speedier death by strangulation before their bodies were cast into the flames. Of the whole number two only sternly refused every form of recantation,—a Dominican monk, one Domingo Roxas, son of the Marquis of Posa, and a Florentine gentleman, Don Carlos di Seso, who had long been a favorite of Charles V. As they mounted the pile of faggots, the Dominican sought to address the people: the King indignantly ordered him to be gagged, and the gag closed his mouth till his last moment, being burnt with the victim. The Florentine Seso, as he passed before the royal balcony on his way to the stake, exclaimed, "Can your majesty attend in person to see your innocent subjects burnt before your eyes?"—"If it were my own son," replied Philip, "I would bring the wood to burn him as he were such a wretch as thou art." Having begun at six o'clock in the morning, the ceremony was not terminated until two in the afternoon. This was the second *auto-de-fé* for the immolation of Protestants.

Such were, in the most brilliant days of that reign, the festivities of Philip II., and such were the graces with which he mingled in the pastime.

As he acted, felt, and spoke on that 8th of October, 1559, so he acted, felt, and spoke during his whole life. War on heretics or the pursuit of heretics was his work; the *autos-de-fé* were his triumphs. "Better not reign at all," said he, "than to reign over heretics. I would sacrifice a hundred thousand lives, if I had them, rather than submit to a single change in matters of religion." When Count Egmont came to Madrid in 1564, to present the remonstrances of the nobility of Flanders against his rigor, Philip convoked an assembly of theologians, and laid before them the state of the Low Countries, which were grievously agitated and loud in their demands for freedom of conscience. Upon the supposition that the King was seeking to mask certain concessions under the authority of their opinion, these doctors at first reported that, "in consideration of the critical condition of the Flemish provinces and the imminent danger

that a refusal might drive the population to open revolt against the Crown, and to the entire abandonment of the Church, the King might reasonably grant them that liberty of worship which they desired." "I did not call you here," said the King, "to know whether I could, but whether I ought, to grant this to the Flemings." The answer of the doctors then became absolutely negative, and Philip, falling on his knees before a crucifix placed in the chamber, exclaimed: "Sovereign Master of all things, keep me fast in the resolution I now am in, —never to become, never to be called, the lord of those who reject thee as their Lord." All that could be obtained from him was the formation in the Low Countries of a commission of three bishops and three jurists charged to examine, together with the Council of Flanders, the grievances and the desires of the people. In July, 1565, this commission sent its report to Madrid: it recommended the continuance of all the measures of severity, proposing only that in case of the recantation of convicted heretics, the punishment of death might be commuted by the judges into banishment. Philip approved the report with the exception of this power of mitigation, which he absolutely refused to vest in the judges; and three months afterwards, on the 17th and 20th of October, he announced to his sister, the Regent Margaret of Parma, his final resolution not to grant to the Low Countries, either in government or in religion, any of the changes they solicited, but especially no convocation of the States in the Provinces; and no limitation of the powers of the Inquisition. When these letters were read in the Council at Brussels, and their publication resolved on, "The time is come," said the Prince of Orange, as he left the room, "when we shall see the beginning of a rare tragedy."

That tragedy did indeed begin in the following spring, by the resistance of the aristocracy, at once directing and restraining the excitement of the people. The "Gueux" of 1566 had for their acknowledged chiefs, or for their scarcely disguised patrons, such men as Prince William of Orange, his brothers the Counts Louis and Adolphus of Nassau, the Counts of Egmont, of Horn, of Brederode, the first nobles of the land, most of them still Catholics, but leagued

together to regain their ancient political liberties as well as some toleration for those of the reformed faith, and thus proudly accepting this name of "Gueux," which the Spanish councillors had flung at them in scorn, and themselves causing medals to be struck to perpetuate it. At this explosion, begun by such leaders and resounding through the land, Philip paused for a moment with anxiety; he wrote to the Prince of Orange, who wished to retire from the Council, "You are much mistaken if you think that I have not full confidence in you; if any one attempted to injure you in my esteem, I should not be so idle as to lend him an ear, I who have so often tried your loyalty and your services." Soon afterwards, on the 31st of July, 1566, he addressed somewhat milder instructions to his sister, the Regent: "Through the natural inclination I have ever had to treat my vassals and subjects by the means of clemency and love rather than by fear and severity, I have given my assent to all it was possible for me to admit." He had, in fact, assented to the abolition of the Holy Office in the Low Countries, and agreed that the bishops alone should exercise the powers of Inquisitors. But at the very time he dispatched these concessions to Brussels, he sent for a notary to his palace at Madrid, and in presence of the Duke of Alva and two doctors of laws, he declared, "That not having made these concessions freely or spontaneously, he held himself not to be bound by them;" and three days later, on the 12th of August, 1566, he ordered his ambassador at Rome, Don Luis of Requesens, to tell the Pope Pius V., "That in the matter of the abolition of the Holy Office he felt it would have been right to consult his Holiness, but that time was wanting, from the importunity of the people of Flanders for a speedy decision; and, perhaps," added he, "it is better it should be thus, since the abolition of the Holy Office can be of no effect unless it be ratified by the Pope who established it; but on all this matter it will be well to be secret."

Philip was not aware that, in spite of all his precautions and his power, his secrets were almost always known to his most formidable opponent. The cause of the Reformation and of freedom in the Low Countries, fortunately possessed as its chief not only an illus-

trious nobleman, but a courtier and a man of the world, who had partaken in all the pleasures, and who was familiar with all the relations and intrigues of society,—not less skilful to unravel the mazes of a palace than to direct the debates of council or the strife of civil war. Whilst he labored to set bounds to an iniquitous despotism, and to restrain or even to repress an irritated people, William of Orange foresaw the failure of this twofold resistance, and, steadily looking to the future, he kept in his pay at Madrid numerous agents to inform him of all that was in preparation, who transmitted to him the most secret incidents of the King's closet, and even copies of his correspondence with the Regent at Brussels. "Meaning to deceive all the world," said he of Philip, "to make the more sure of it he begins by deceiving his sister."

These apparent concessions of the King did not therefore impose on William. Information received from Paris, where he had also his emissaries, apprised him that Philip was meditating sinister designs against the rebels in the Low Countries, and their three great champions, Egmont, Horn, and himself. Such was the first note of preparation of the mission of the Duke of Alva. William perceived that the time was come to take a decisive step, and yet to place himself in safety until the day of action had arrived.

He formally refused the oath of implicit obedience which Philip required of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, and started for Germany, on the 30th of April, 1567, after having vainly endeavored to induce his two friends, Egmont and Horn, to take the same resolution. He had already left the Low Countries four months, when the Duke of Alva arrived there—that true confidant (if Philip II. ever had a confidant) and worthy instrument of the policy of his master. On the details of his administration it is unnecessary for us to dwell, they are recorded everywhere; his was the policy of the block and the gibbet, instead of the *auto-de-fé*, but in the name of the same principle, the unity of the faith and the unity of power. For the space of six years, with the assistance of his council of blood, by dint of proscriptions, of condemnations, of executions, of confiscations, of exactions, of depopulation, the Duke of Alva thoroughly satisfied the King; and when on 2nd of March, 1568, the Emperor Maxi-

milian II. wrote to the King of Spain in the name of the Electors of the Germanic Empire, and in his own name, to solicit both from his prudence and his clemency a milder administration in the Low Countries, Philip replied: "That which is done in these provinces has for its object their advantage and their tranquillity as well as the maintenance and extension of the Catholic faith. If I had not thought fit to proceed with so much justice, matters would have been promptly brought to an end there. I should not act otherwise, though I were to risk the sovereignty of these dominions, and though the world itself were to crush me."

Nevertheless, at the end of six years, Philip could not but perceive that neither the unity of the faith nor the authority of the Crown were restored in the Low Countries, and that even his victories aggravated instead of terminating the war. The state of Europe afforded a motive to his policy and an excuse to his pride for a change, or at least an apparent change, in his conduct and his agents at Brussels. The affairs of England and of France demanded more of his attention and his efforts. In England, in spite of all the reserve of Queen Elizabeth, her policy became, both abroad and at home, decidedly Protestant; and the Reformed party in the Low Countries, as well as in France, found in her an effectual, though not an open, ally. In France, the religious contest, carried on with increasing ferocity, opened to Philip II. another field of action and fresh chances of power. He frantically applauded the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, contracted a close alliance with the Guises and the Ligue, and treated with them for the succession to that fair crown of France which seemed, somewhat later, to hang suspended for a moment over his own head. He took part, moreover, in all the plots of Mary Stuart against Elizabeth, and was preparing measures more effectual than plots. The struggle of the Catholic Church against the Reformation was now transported, as he thought, to the soil of France and England: his warfare against his own subjects in the Low Countries still fluctuated in its results, and subsided into secondary importance. The Duke of Alva was recalled, and from his recall down to the end of Philip's reign, six different governors—Don Luis of Requesens, Don John of Austria, the Duke of Parma, the Count of Mansfeldt,

the Archduke Ernest, and the Count of Fuentes—successively endeavored, in various degrees but with indifferent success, to govern the Low Countries on a more moderate system. Negotiations, promised concessions, attempts to tamper with the Reformed leaders and with the Prince of Orange himself, were continually interposed in the course of this slackened but unceasing contest. But throughout all these negotiations and promises, Philip remained unshaken in his principle and unchangeable in his object. Never did he consent, or allow it to be supposed that he would consent, to allow the free exercise of the Reformed Faith in his dominions. In matters of civil government and rights, he might make concessions and promises; in matters of religion, none. And even these political concessions were mere pretexts and evasions, which he meant to hold very light whenever he could renew the struggle, and restore by force the unity of his authority and the unity of the faith. Assurances to this effect were frequently transmitted to the Court of Rome; and the superior penetration of the Prince of Orange was not necessary to pierce the conscientious duplicity of the King.

We say the conscientious duplicity—words which appear most incompatible with one another are best fitted to describe his character, for that character was yet more strange, gloomy, and unnatural than the principles of his government; the morality of the man was not less false and perverted than the policy of the sovereign. Sincere in his faith, and boundlessly devoted to what he conceived to be the interest of that faith, whilst he discharged this duty he seemed to forget the existence of any other. In his public and in his private life, cruelty, deceit, assassinations, forgeries, adulteries, the most ungrateful selfishness, the most perfidious vindictiveness, and every sort of vicious and atrocious actions abounded; yet all these things were done in frightful serenity of mind, under the conviction that his religion permitted and pardoned every thing, provided every thing were sacrificed to his religion.

One sacrifice he made to this idol, less criminal perhaps than many others, for serious if not sufficient motives were not wanting to justify it; but this action was stamped with so much harshness, and has ever remained enshrouded in so much ob-

securi-ty, that not only the indignation but the calumnies of posterity have fastened on it. The more closely we have examined the history of the Infant Don Carlos, the more we are satisfied that neither on the one side nor on the other was any crime committed or intended; and that the gloomy anxiety of the father with reference to the opinions and conduct of his son on religious subjects furnished the true explanation of their tragical differences. The romantic story of the pretended passion of Don Carlos for his step-mother, Elizabeth of France, and the supposed jealousy of Philip, is contradicted by the testimony of history, by moral probability, and we may almost say by physical possibility. The state of mental disease into which the Infant had been thrown by a severe fall, which is proved by many positive acts of extravagance and frenzy, would suffice to explain the King's determination to remove him from the succession, and even to detain him in confinement; but this fact does not account for the mystery thrown over these measures, and still less for the semi-religious and semi-political procedure directed against the Prince. If the mental derangement of the son had been medically established, that would have been the best justification of the father; nor is it easy to comprehend why Philip should have refused to avail himself of it. The silent rigor of his measures had some other cause. "The Prince," as the Minister of Tuscany wrote to his master, "is suspected to be no great Catholic." He had expressed a lively interest in the wrongs and the resistance of the Low Countries. When the Duke of Alba went to assume the government of those provinces, Don Carlos conducted himself with extreme violence, opposed the Duke's departure, and declared he would go himself to Brussels. Somewhat later he had planned to fly either to the Low Countries or to Germany, and the day of his arrest was that he had appointed for the execution of this scheme. He had more than once expressed himself in terms of bitterness and hostility against the Inquisition.

"Matters have now reached such a point (said Philip, in writing to his aunt, the queen of Portugal), that to fulfil my duty to God and my kingdom as becomes a Christian prince, I have been obliged to subject my son

to strict confinement. I have resolved to sacrifice to God my own blood, preferring his service and the welfare of my dominions to all human considerations. I will only add, that this resolution has not been forced upon me by any delinquency of my son, or by any want of respect on his part to my person: I do not treat him in this wise by way of punishment, a thing which must have, whatever were the cause of it, a time and limit. Nor is this an expedient to correct the excesses of his life. What I have done rests on other reasons: the remedy I am applying is neither an expedient nor a temporary resource. I have had recourse to it, as I have just told you, to fulfil my duty to God and my people." (*Prescott*, vol. ii. p. 493.)

To the Pope these motives were also, perhaps more fully, communicated; for Zuniga, Philip's ambassador at the Court of Rome, reported to his master,—"His Holiness loudly applauds the course taken by your Majesty. The Pope feels that, for the salvation of Christendom, it is necessary you should live many years, and leave a successor who will walk in your Majesty's footsteps."

After a period of six months spent in alternate paroxysms of frenzy and depression, on the 24th of July, 1568, Don Carlos lay stretched on his pallet, expiring, exhausted, perhaps already insensible. With noiseless steps Philip entered the chamber of his son, and, half-concealed behind the Prince of Eboli and the Grand Prior, Don Antonio of Toledo, he looked upon him, stretched out his hands towards him, and making the sign of the Cross, gave him his farewell blessing. "After which," to use the words of the historian Cabrera, "the King returned to his closet, more afflicted and less anxious." By the death of his son, Philip conceived his policy to be secure.

But around the dominions of the King of Spain, in spite of all his vigilance, other systems of policy were already formed and flourishing, far more different from his own than any which Don Carlos could have practised had he ascended the throne,—far more formidable, whether as his rivals or as his foes.

In England, Elizabeth found herself, on her accession, in presence of two Reformation; the one royal, the other popular. Both of them were rescued by her succession to the throne from great evils and great dangers; but whilst the former held the

work of reform to be complete, and sought to arrest it, the latter held it to be incomplete, and aspired with passionate fervor to promote its ulterior consequences. Catholicism was defeated, but its defeat was recent and its powers were still to be feared; the Church of England had gained the victory, but those beyond the pale of the Church still demanded further liberty.

That religious liberty which they demanded lacked the support of civil liberty, and relied on its assistance. With the assent of Parliament, Henry VIII. had tyrannically accomplished the royal Reformation; by the action of Parliament the popular Reformation hoped to triumph and to be free. Under all the despotism of the Tudors, the Parliament of England had never disappeared. It had been servile, it had been wavering, but it had never ceased to take an active part in the government of the State. The lists were still open to all comers and to all the chances of victory. Contrasted with the fate of popular assemblies in other parts of Europe, this circumstance was exceptional, but not inexplicable. Protestant England is the country in which the institutions of the Middle ages—of those times which were most essentially Catholic—are still best perpetuated and preserved. The political franchises of the nation, which had been won in the thirteenth century, led to the triumph of the Reformation in the sixteenth. The people of reformed England instinctively understood that their freedom and their faith were one; and in their struggles as well as in their hearts, they constantly identified their new form of religion with their ancient liberties.

In this complex and agitated position, the Queen displayed consummate clearness of insight and firmness of purpose. Though perhaps Catholic in her own tastes, she became in the policy of her country and her Government a staunch and sincere Protestant. Though despotic by character, by descent, and by design, she never carried to the last extremity her pretensions or her actions. Though she affected to resent the remonstrances of her Parliament and of her people, she never overlooked grievances or rights which it would have been unsafe for the sovereign to ignore. She repressed with harshness, and oftentimes oppressed, that great party of religious and political reform

which had arisen in her own time, and which was destined in the following century to found the constitutional monarchy of England under her less able successors; but she contrived to conciliate while she resisted it, and it grew beneath the shadow of her sagacious disapprobation. Neither religious freedom nor political freedom existed under Queen Elizabeth; but from her reign and her policy, we date in England the triumph of the Protestant cause, to which we owe all the rest.

No doubt the Protestant cause is obnoxious to the reproach of intolerance and persecution; it did not proclaim the principle of liberty of conscience, and it not unfrequently violated that principle. But the germ of toleration was there, and that germ, however disputed and disavowed, could not fail one day to put forth its power. For men who claimed the liberty of exercising their own faith against the constituted authorities, to impose on others the tyranny of constraint in matters of belief, was a revolting inconsistency; and amongst the Protestant sects this species of recrimination was soon mutually urged. But above these sects were some of the champions of the new-born Protestant cause, especially amongst the men of the highest eminence in the arts of government and of war, raised by their vigorous intellect or by their judicious experience beyond the vulgar passions of their time, who speedily perceived that in these religious questions freedom is the best security of public peace as well as the right of conscience; and this principle they labored to infuse into the public opinion and the laws of their country. William of Orange had the honor, in the sixteenth century, to be one of the first and the boldest assertors of this great moral truth, to which at the end of the seventeenth century the most illustrious of his descendants was destined to secure an imperishable triumph. These early champions of religious freedom failed in their efforts; but no efforts are lost on behalf of a good cause which is still defended and still pursued; and they were followed by a goodly array of successors, in the name of philosophy, in the name of Christianity, men in authority, and men in private life, all actors or spectators in these religious contests. Another of the greatest and most essential effects of the Reformation was considerably to reduce and even to

supersede the priestly office in the relation of the worshipper to the Deity; this relation tended therefore to become more personal and direct, a circumstance that leads to the strong development of original energy and activity in the religious life of the soul; and therefore imparts to it the use and the desire of freedom. Throughout the continual wars and fierce persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the slow but steady progress of the principle of religious liberty may be discerned and traced from step to step in all the Protestant States, in Holland, in Germany, and in England, for it is the natural consequence of the convictions, the sentiments, and the institutions which Protestantism had established in the world.

Amongst the Catholic States, France was, in the sixteenth century, the first which had the merit of discovering, and to some extent of adopting, this principle. The condition of that country, both in its religious and its political parties, was even more complicated and more perplexing than that of England. Catholicism had indeed recovered its ascendancy, but it was not in a condition to crush or to silence its Protestant antagonists; the Reformed party were still stronger in France than the Catholics in England; the struggle between the two Churches was far more protracted, more dubious, and marked on both sides by more sanguinary violence. In politics the Crown was the master, but it was unsupported and unrestrained by any of those great institutions which connect the nation with its government, and thereby render the action of authority certain and effectual. The monarchy of France in the sixteenth century, though nearly absolute in principle, was powerless in reality, and incapable of discharging its public duties, or of watching over its own interests. It could neither protect its subjects from one another, nor protect itself against the ambition of the great or the passions of the people. The nation was sincerely monarchical, both in the nobility and the commons, yet they gave way to all the pretensions and the license most fatal to monarchy. In the heart of a royalist kingdom this sovereign royalty saw the State a prey to anarchy and civil war, through which it was drifting helplessly along with some faint efforts to check its course.

Two classes of statesmen, very different from each other, but who saw distinctly the deplorable state of the country and of the Government, sought in earnest for means to stop these calamities. The former consisted of men versed in warfare and in public affairs, judicious, lukewarm in religious disputes, caring little for truth or morality, but attached to the greatness and independence of their country, desirous to restore some degree of order and security for themselves and for the nation; skilful, moreover, to prognosticate the different chances of the future and careful to provide against them. The latter was composed of men of a higher stamp, most of them in judicial offices, some high, some humble in position, devoted to their country and their king, hating the intrigues of the Court and the influence of the foreigner, desiring just laws under a competent authority, and who had attained, by their virtues, their enlightened piety, by science, by letters, and by experience, to conceptions of justice and of government far superior to those of their age. The Chancellor de l'Hôpital and Du Plessis Mornay may thus be ranked beside the Marshal de Damville and the Duc de Brissac. These dissimilar elements which were brought into proximity by their own good sense and by the public danger, contributed to form what was called the party of the *Politiques*; a party not undeserving of its name, for in spite of the futility of their efforts in the course of the struggle, they undoubtedly exercised a decisive influence on its termination; and it was from this party that the policy of the French monarchy received, from that very period, the peculiar character and the impulse which afterwards gave it the stamp of originality and success.

Tried by any standard of morality, it is impossible to judge Catherine de Medicis with too much severity—she was at once corrupting and corrupt, cold and frivolous in the very act of crime, treacherous with an everchanging treachery, and capable of any enterprise or any risk from the love of agitation and the lust of dominion. But with all these vices, Catherine had two merits—she attached herself heartily to the monarchy and to France; she defended, to the best of her power, the independence of the crown and of the nation against the Guises and the King of Spain, by refusing

to abandon her trust either to the extreme violence of parties or to the foreigner. She was selfish and wayward, but not by nature violent or fanatical. In spite of her distrust and antipathy to the Protestants, she had no deliberate purpose or permanent resolution against them. From 1562 to 1584 Charles IX. and Henry III., acting under the advice of their mother, endeavored by no less than nine edicts or treaties to terminate the contest: and these attempts at pacification were not all of them perfidious deceptions. Catherine was not indisposed to make concessions to religious freedom, not from a sense of justice or as a right, but as a political necessity preferable to the excesses of civil war or of tyranny. She took L'Hôpital for her minister, and supported him for a considerable time against the fanatical party. Cardinal Richelieu was not the first ruler of France who hit upon the expedient of an alliance with the Protestants of Germany or the North to sustain or to raise the crown of France against the House of Austria: Francis I. had commenced that policy against Charles V.; Catherine de Medicis repeated it against Philip II. Her mind was naturally free from excessive prejudices and passions; her creed had not smothered her reason; and in spite of all her false and cruel actions, she never lost sight of the safety and greatness of the royal prerogative and of the kingdom. Nor was hers an insignificant part in the policy which eventually delivered France from internal factions and from foreign influence.

But the triumph of this policy was the work and the glory of Henry IV. We think that Europe and even France, where the memory of this prince is still so popular, have not yet done him full justice. The Protestants never forgave him for having become a Catholic, nor the Catholics for having been a Protestant. He accomplished the two greatest, the two hardest, the two most useful things which were desirable and practicable in his time. At home, after the fiercest struggles of civil discord, he restored peace, not by a harsh and despotic power, but by temperate government—he procured a victory to one party without oppressing the other—nay, even to the defeated party he secured more freedom than it had ever had before. Abroad he pursued a policy altogether national and independent, looking

to nothing but the safety and greatness of his country, and liberating his foreign policy from every consideration and every influence which might be at variance with the paramount interests of France. He made peace with Spain in spite of the ill will of his ally the Queen of England. He persisted in his alliance with England and the other Protestant States, notwithstanding his conversion to the Catholic faith, well knowing that these Powers were the natural antagonists of the governments whose hostility or whose rivalry was formidable to France and to himself. His mind was alike free from prejudice and from rancor, lively but well-balanced, proof against despondency and against illusions; to different interests and to different motives of action he assigned with precision their relative importance, and he never allowed his foreign relations to enchain his domestic policy, or his domestic policy to thwart his foreign relations. His ambition was tempered with patience; his sympathies were warm, yet he was not accessible to external influences; he was facile in the intercourse of life, yet cautious to stand in no man's power; skilful to enforce his will and his authority before they were called in question; and not less persevering in his designs than fertile and flexible in his means of success. Never did a King, whose lot was cast in times of excessive violence, employ more gentle remedies to end a vast deal of evil, to begin a vast deal of good, or to restore a monarchy to its balance by a more just adaptation of ancient traditions to the more liberal demands of his own age.

The sixteenth century was at an end. From the inaptitude of the Middle Ages to organize and to reform the state of Christendom, by the revival of classical antiquity, by the reformation of Luther and Calvin, all the great questions which can agitate the human mind and human society—questions of religious liberty, of intellectual liberty, and of political liberty—had been raised and debated in the course of that mighty epoch. At the commencement of the seventeenth century three totally distinct systems of policy had prevailed and were in full activity in the three great states of Western Europe. In Spain, a system exclusively and absolutely Catholic. In England, a system essentially Protestant.

in France, a system more mixed and undecided—Catholic, yet in the spirit of the laity rather than of the clergy, royalist without being practically despotic. These three systems naturally assigned a different answer and a different fate to the questions of the age. In Spain all freedom was alike extinguished, whether religious, intellectual, or political; the Inquisition and the Crown shared the despotic government of the realm, whilst literature and national poetry, which had flourished with so much lustre in the preceding age, fell into decrepitude and decay like the community to which they belonged. In England the symptoms were already manifest of an ardent national effort to establish freedom in all its triple forms: the sects of Protestantism were eager and numerous; the contest was begun between the Puritans and the Church of England, between Parliament and the prerogative. In France the principles of religious freedom were admitted and exercised, for the Edict of Nantes was in force; some of the principles of political liberty were maintained by a few minds of the highest order, but their application was precarious and incomplete; the States General of the realm were again convoked, but their functions were lost, and they separated to meet no more; but the intellectual liberty of the French nation had already acquired its full activity and power, in philosophy, in science, and in literature; the constellation which was to illuminate that age already gleamed on the horizon: Descartes, Gassendi, Fermat, Corneille, Pascal, Bossuet were born, and were ere long to sound the deepest problems of human nature, to touch the noblest emotions of the heart, to exercise and to satisfy the loftiest faculties of the mind.

From that epoch to the present, two centuries have already passed—a third has run more than half its course: the three systems of policy which prevailed in the sixteenth century in the three great States of Western Europe have undergone the decisive test of duration. Their several elements have given birth to their natural effects. The light of experience rests upon this page of history: he who runs may read the conspicuous and majestic result.

In England, freedom of faith, freedom of thought, and freedom of government, perfected and assisted by each other, have tri-

umphed in their common efforts: the relation of the soul of man to its Maker, the expression of the human intellect to its fellow men, are alike free; whilst free institutions secure the personal rights of every man and the public rights of all. Under the protection of these institutions and these liberties, the prosperity and power of the nation have marvellously augmented; and still increase from day to day. Christian principles, joined to a reverence for the past and a respect for the law, have carried us unscathed through our severest trials; for, by the happy constitution of this country, the essential condition of the morality, strength, and happiness of human society, namely the union of permanence and of progress, of conservation with improvement,—has been obtained and secured, as far at least as the incurable frailty of all human works will permit it.

In France, both in the seventeenth and in the eighteenth century, political freedom was wanting. Religious freedom, which had been accepted and secured by the enlightened liberality of Henry IV., perished under the bigoted and arrogant despotism of Louis XIV. But in spite of all legal impediments, the intellectual freedom of the French nation has ever asserted an empire of its own; that independence and public spirit which were absent from the institutions of the country took refuge in social life, where the animated expression of opinion, the pleasures and pursuits of the mind, have kept their place in the favor of the nation, and sometimes even in the favor of the absolute sovereign. They were relished by Louis XIV.; they were tolerated by Louis XV. The faculties of the human mind remained free and active, though without any direct or precise application to administration of the country; but their influence, which was recognized by the government,—a government less despotic in its spirit than in its form,—sufficed to keep up the circulation and vital movement of the moral and social powers of the nation. France was ill-governed, but not, in the strict sense of the term, oppressed, and she had lost neither her lustre, her prosperity, nor her greatness. The day came at last when this intellectual freedom of the country, controlled by an authority too mild and too weak to resist it, imperiously demanded freedom of conscience and freedom of government in the name of the rights of man and of the people.

From that day to the present, France has been tossed by storm after storm across the pathless seas, and it is still a problem whether she will ever reach that haven for which she started, and which she has twice appeared to have attained. But, thanks to that intellectual freedom which she has ever retained, and thanks to the temperate policy of her kings, she has encountered these trials in the full possession of her powers; she has borne them without perishing; and she has wrested from those frightful convulsions results of no common value. She has reformed the internal condition of society; she has emancipated the industry of the country from internal restrictions; the administration of public affairs, and what may be termed the mechanism of society, has attained a high degree of perfection; freedom of conscience, though ill-defined and imperfectly secured by the law, is nevertheless established. In spite of her mistakes and her reverses, France has a right to believe that she has not yet seen the close of her achievements any more than of her trials; and that the efforts and the progress she has made in the last three centuries will never be complete until she has secured, by public liberty, the pledge of her triumphs and realization of her hopes.

The destinies of Spain are more melancholy and more obscure. That noble people remained for three hundred years doomed to stagnation by its spiritual and temporal tyrants, and it submitted to its fate until the insults and the arms of a foreign invader roused it from its lethargy. But the victory secured to the Spanish nation in that contest by the alliance of England gave birth to no lasting principle of political regeneration. The burden of centuries of apathy, sterility, and decay is less easily shaken off than the burden of foreign oppression. The Spaniards may pursue their task, but has Europe sufficient reason to place confidence in the result?

In thus endeavoring to trace the principles and the results of the distinct systems of policy which have, for the last three hundred years, disputed the empire of modern society, we have confined these observations to three States of Western Europe. But this survey might be carried further: the same political systems might be compared in the States of Northern and in those of Southern Europe, or in the British and Dutch colonies and the

colonies of Spain, both in America and in Asia. Everywhere the results are the same; everywhere the same answer must be given to the same interrogatories. Wherever Catholic absolutism has reigned, it has stopped and congealed the life of society; it has stricken the nation with barrenness; by stifling freedom, it has established an authority without real coherence and force,—an authority which has never prevented the occurrence of great days of trial, and which, those trials having begun, fails to curb their excesses, and proves to be almost equally incapable of reform and of stability. Wherever, on the contrary, Protestantism has prevailed, as in England, Holland, or in the North of Europe; or even the more moderate and enlightened form of Catholicism, as in France, Belgium, and a part of Germany, where the Church of Rome has not been either the instrument or the mistress of the civil power,—moral activity, social energy, public prosperity, have spread and increased, under different shapes and with various success, but always with fruits beneficial and glorious to mankind. These nations may have committed great faults, or great crimes; they may have endured great sufferings; their progress has been more or less rapid, more or less complete; but they have not fallen into decrepitude or extinction; through all the aberrations of their course and the vicissitudes of their destiny, they have remained or have become capable of the highest culture. These abundant results, though sometimes in appearance contradictory, are in reality the harmonious product which fulfils the task of humanity and satisfies the want of society; and thus they have continued to advance towards that boundless future which is the sublime goal of Christian civilization and the mark of its divine origin.

The two works which stand prefixed to this article have for their subject the earlier scenes and the most prominent actors in the great European drama which we have here sought to follow in its plot and its significance—the Spanish monarchy in its gloomy splendor, and the Commonwealth of the United Provinces in its bloody origin—Philip II. and William of Orange—Catholicism and Protestantism—contending with equal fury and under their most indomitable champions. Starting from different points, and arriving

at different periods, in this memorable history, Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley relate the same tale. Both of them being Protestants, the one has chosen for his principal subject and the centre of his narrative the King and his Catholic court; the other the Prince and the people of the Reformed faith. The work of Mr. Prescott is to comprise the whole reign of Philip II.; but the two first volumes, which alone are now before us, contain no more than the first twelve years of that period,—from 1556 to 1568. Mr. Motley has taken the life of William of Orange as the standard of his book. He opens it with the accession of Philip, and closes it in 1584, when William fell by the pistol of an assassin paid by the King; and Philip exclaimed on the arrival of the intelligence, "Had that blow been struck two years ago, the Catholic Church and I should have gained by it." Philip had cause to temper his exultation with regret; for, though William of Nassau was no more, the Commonwealth of the United Provinces was founded.

These publications have been seasonably undertaken; for the evidence necessary to a full and entire comprehension of the events and the men they describe has only become accessible in our own times. Not indeed that earlier chroniclers were wanting to record them. Charles V. and Philip II. had both taken especial care to provide this class of writers, and even to furnish them with information. Three Spanish historians and one Neapolitan, contemporaries of the period, Sepulveda, Herrera, Cabrera, and Campana, have left voluminous narratives of their reigns. Sepulveda and Herrera were the regular historiographers of Charles V. and Philip II. respectively, and the former seems to have enjoyed from his master a degree of independence equal to his opportunities of observation. On one occasion he wished to read to the Emperor some fragments of his work. "No," said Charles, "I will neither hear nor read what you have written about me. Others will read it when I am gone; but if you require information on any point whatever, I shall always be ready to give it you." Even in his retirement at Yuste, the Emperor occasionally received Sepulveda, who was also living in retirement at a small country-house near Cordova, his birthplace, and writing his book as his master was closing his life, at a

distance from the world, but not detached from it. There is no reason to suppose that Philip II. granted the same familiarity or the same freedom to his historiographer Herrera. These official historians, however, and especially Sepulveda, are not only important as contemporary and well-informed witnesses, but they have a good deal of that unconscious impartiality which proceeds from an accurate knowledge of the persons and events they describe. In the history of Philip II. by Cabrera, which has no official character, and only the first part of which has been published, some traits of the character and secret policy of the King are to be found, so true and forcible, that the author himself appears scarcely to have felt their whole significance. In addition to these contemporary writers, several subsequent authors, such as Gregorio Leti in the seventeenth century, and Watson in the eighteenth, wrote the history of Philip II., but without having access to any new authorities. In our own time, fresh materials have been discovered in great abundance: in Spain, in Holland, in Belgium, in France, the public archives have been searched; diplomatic correspondence, private memoirs, the most authentic and secret documents have been dragged to light and abandoned to the curiosity of the learned and the idle. Three great collections more especially—the archives of the house of Nassau, published at Leyden by M. Groen van Prinsterer; the correspondences of Charles V., Philip II., and William the Silent, which M. Gachard has published either textually or by extracts from the archives of Simancas and of Brussels; and the papers of Cardinal Granvelle inserted in the great collection of unpublished historical documents relating to the history of France, which was begun in 1833 by M. Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction, have in the last twenty-five years poured a flood of light on the history of this period; and we may now be almost as well acquainted with the transactions of the sixteenth century as if the living men of that age were speaking and acting before us.

To these numerous documents, which were already known to the public, Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley have added some new and hitherto unknown results of their own researches. Their books are not mere compilations from other books; they have prose-

outed these discoveries in public libraries, in archives, in private collections of MSS. : each of them gives a careful account in his preface of his own sources of information, of the courteous assistance he has received, of the results which he hopes to have attained ; and their works fully confirm, by their close and conscientious study of the subject, that confidence which the mere statement of their labors at once inspires.

As we proceeded in the history of Philip II. by Mr. Prescott, this confidence steadily increased. He has given us not only a complete and accurate narrative, but a narrative which is remarkably impartial ; and this impartiality is not only the strict impartiality which consists in speaking the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but the generous impartiality of a liberal mind, which enters into opinions and feelings it does not share, assigns a fair place to diversity of situation, to disinterested motives, to traditional prejudices, to irresistible circumstances ; and treats the memory of historic personages, whose principles and actions it execrates, with the equity and forbearance of an upright and humane judge passing sentence on their lives. Philip II. and the Duke of Alva, even Margaret of Parma and Cardinal Granvelle, sometimes put Mr. Prescott's virtue to a severe trial ; but his virtue is never at fault. It does great honor to Protestant civilization that it has furnished historians thus prepared to render full and free justice to its bitterest enemies. This impartiality, just without effort, is the result of a sincere homage to truth, of an earnest sentiment of Christian charity, and of the security of a cause already won. Nor is this honorable moral distinction peculiar to Mr. Prescott ; it may be traced in several of the Protestant historical researches which have recently been directed to the Catholic Powers of the sixteenth century, and especially in the dissertations prefixed by M. Groen van Prinsterer to his "Archives of the House of Nassau." From a Dutchman and a zealous Protestant, busied in the records of the sufferings and the heroic struggles of his forefathers, this scrupulous and unswerving fairness is even more meritorious.

Considered as a literary work, independently of this high moral appreciation of per-

sons and of events, Mr. Prescott's "History of Philip II." has other merits which, rare as they are, are not always remarked. The structure of this book is ingenious and well arranged. Mr. Prescott has not bound himself to follow in strict succession the chronological order of events ; he has classed them according to their characters, and divided them into groups, which follow their respective and distinct course, without however losing the thread which connects them, or ceasing to form a whole. Thus the accession of Philip, and his first wars in France and Italy—his return to Spain, and his administration of the kingdom—the condition, the revolt, and the struggle of the Low Countries under the government of Cardinal Granvelle, Margaret of Parma, and the Duke of Alva—the trials and the death of Egmont, Horn, and Montigny—the story of Don Carlos and Elizabeth of France—form a series of complete pictures, at once distinct and well connected together, and the general history of the King's reign may thus be grasped in its grander masses instead of unrolling the incoherent links of a broken chain. This style of writing places the moral succession of causes above the material succession of events, and supersedes, by a loftier chronology, the chronology of the almanac. The master of all historians, Tacitus, has left us in his *Annals* and in his *Histories* examples of either method ; and although he has in both his works shed the splendor of his genius with equal lustre over the details he relates, their diversity and their unequal beauty as works of art are extremely striking.

Amongst the group of events which fill the two first volumes of Mr. Prescott's book, there is one, interesting enough in itself, but so disproportioned to the rest of the work as to impair its general harmony and effect—we mean the four chapters he has devoted to the Knights of Malta, and to the siege of Malta by the Turks in 1565. This brilliant incident filled too small a space in the history of Philip II., and Philip II. himself filled too small a space in the history of the siege, for Mr. Prescott to have assigned to it so large a portion of his book. He has evidently been led away by the charm of his subject, and by the pleasure of painting in detail that glorious passage in the long struggle of Christians against the Infidel, the character of the

gallant veteran, Jean Parisot de la Valette, who was then Grand Master of the Order, and the impetuous valor of his Knights.

To this merit of a well-arranged history Mr. Prescott adds that of an easy, unaffected, though somewhat frigid, power of narration. He belongs to the historical school of Robertson, judicious rather than profound in its general views, and more remarkable for simplicity than for descriptive power. The pictures Mr. Prescott has given us are never wanting in truth, but they are sometimes wanting in life. History only becomes dramatic on two conditions; it must have either the passion of the politician or the imagination of the poet. Mr. Prescott has neither one nor the other; he is a calm and enlightened philosopher, an accomplished man of letters; he is well read in the history of Philip II., and he relates it with fidelity; but he has studied it after the lapse of three centuries in all the serenity of his own reflections and the tranquillity of a New England study,—faithfully, therefore, as these events and these personages are described by him, he leaves them where he finds them, in their tombs.

Mr. Motley has more vehemence: not that of a politician engaged in the struggles of party and the responsibilities of office, but that of a Republican, a Protestant, an honest man, who hates, as if he saw them before his eyes, the outrages and persecutions inflicted on civil and religious liberty, centuries ago, in a far country, and lashes with all his heart the authors of these crimes. His admiration for the champions of the liberal and Protestant cause is not less keen. As much as he execrates Philip and the Duke of Alva, he loves William of Orange; he describes him, he praises him, he defends him as if he were personally interested in his fate and in his fame. William is to Mr. Motley what his illustrious descendant is to Mr. Macaulay—not merely a hero, but a hero of his own. Too well informed to overlook the imputations which rest upon the memory of that great Prince, and too conscientious to conceal them, Mr. Motley scrutinizes every detail, and argues the cause of his client with unbounded confidence. Thus, his account of the marriage of William, in 1561, with the Princess

Anne of Saxony, a daughter of the great Elector Maurice, and of the religious equivocations of the Prince in the negotiation of this alliance, is a model of obstinate and skilful pleading to screen the weak side of a good cause and a great man. Thus excited by alternations of extreme aversion and strong predilection,—which, however, reasonable in themselves, have obtained absolute possession of Mr. Motley's mind,—this writer does not handle his subject with the perfect fairness and comprehensive grasp of Mr. Prescott; nor does he, like his eminent contemporary, descend into the ranks or search the hearts of his enemies, to understand and to describe their conduct with strict impartiality.

His strong and ardent convictions on the subject of his work have also affected its style and literary character; his narrative sometimes lacks proportion and forbearance; he dwells to excess upon events and scenes of a nature to kindle in the mind of the reader the excitement he himself feels, and he studiously withholds from the opposite side the same amount of space and of coloring. His style is always copious, occasionally familiar, sometimes stilted and declamatory, as if he thought he could never say too much to convey the energy of his own impressions. The consequence is, that the perusal of his work is alternately attractive and fatiguing, persuasive and irritating. An accumulation of facts and details, all originating in the same feeling and directed to the same object, mingles our sympathy with some degree of distrust; and although the cause he defends is beyond all question gained, we are not impressed with the judgment of such an advocate. With these merits and with these imperfections, the "History of Philip II." and the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic" are undoubtedly two important works, the result of profound researches, sincere convictions, sound principles, and manly sentiments; and even those who are most familiar with the history of the period will find in them a fresh and vivid addition to their previous knowledge. They do honor to American literature, and they would do honor to the literature of any country in the world.

Essays Biographical and Critical: chiefly on English Poets. By David Masson, A.M., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Macmillan and Co.

EXCEPT in the case of the sketch of Chatterton's Life, which has been elaborated almost into a biography, the Essays in this volume are printed with little or no alteration from the reviews in which they first appeared. They begin with Shakspeare and Milton; pass by way of Dryden and Swift, to the time of Wordsworth; discuss—since Professor Masson is a Scotchman—the Scotch influences upon English literature; and treat of the art of poetry in general. The papers were well worth collecting, and there remain we are sure yet more from the same hand, which will be worth bringing together, and similarly accrediting with the name of a vigorous and thoughtful writer.

The best matter in the volume before us is to be found in the Life of Chatterton, and also the worst, for the author, warming with his subject, is here tempted now and then to heights of eloquence on which he does not walk secure. There is an odd mixture of goodness and badness in the following description of the suicide of Chatterton. On the whole it suggests a regret that Mr. Masson had not looked it over when written with the keen eye of a Professor of English Literature, prompt to detect errors in taste.

"The Rev. Dr. Fry, Head of St. John's College, Oxford, had by some means or other seen some of the antique Rowley Poems which had been circulating in Bristol, and, having conceived an unusual desire to know something more about them and their authorship, was on the eve of setting out for Bristol, to make inquiries about Chatterton, whom he supposed still to be there. O Dr. Fry, make haste; set out at once; life or death depends upon it! Dr. Fry, not knowing what we now know, takes his own time, and lives to regret it. He did make the journey, but it was too late.

"On the 23rd of August—the day was Thursday; the morning, according to the old weather-registers, 'hazy,' but the day 'fine'—Chatterton 'appeared unusually grave;' and Mrs. Angell, according to her own account, given while she was yet accessible, asked him 'What ailed him?' to which he answered pettishly, 'Nothing, nothing! Why do you ask?' This is all that is recorded of that day, during which he seems hardly to have left the house. On

the morning of the next day, Friday, the 24th of August—'clouds, sunshine, and showers at intervals,' is the description of the day in the registers—he 'lay in bed longer than usual' (the words are Mrs. Angell's); got up about ten o'clock, and went out with a bundle of papers under his arm, which, he said, 'was a treasure to any one; but there were so many fools in the world that he would put them into a place of safety, lest they should meet with accident.' He walks, as usual, with his bundle under his arm, down Brooke street; disappears somewhere about Holborn, and after a little reappears in Brooke street, and calls at Mr. Cross' shop. 'He called on me'—is Mr. Cross' statement—'about half-past eleven in the morning.' As usual he talked about various matters, and at last, probably just as he was going away, he said he wanted some arsenic for an experiment. Mr. Cross, Mr. Cross, before you go to your drawer for the arsenic, look at that boy's face! Look at it steadily; look till he quails; and then leap upon him and hold him! Mr. Cross does not look. He sells the arsenic (yes, 'sells;' for, somehow, during that walk in which he has disposed of the bundle, he has procured the necessary pence); and lives to repent it. Chatterton, the arsenic in his pocket, does not return to his lodgings immediately, but walks about, God only knows where, through the vast town. 'He returned,' continues Mrs. Angell, 'about seven in the evening, looking very pale and dejected; and would not eat any thing, but sat moping by the fire with his chin on his knees, and muttering rhymes in some old language to her.' After some hours, 'he got up to go to bed,' and 'he then kissed her—a thing he had never done before.' Mrs. Angell, what can that kiss mean? Detain the boy; he is mad; he is not fit to be left alone; arouse the whole street rather than let him go! She does let him go, and lives to repent it. 'He then went up stairs,' she says, 'stamping on every stair as he went slowly up, as if he would break it.' She hears him reach his room. He enters, and locks the door behind him.

"The Devil was abroad that night in the sleeping city. Down narrow and squalid courts his presence was felt, where savage men clutched miserable women by the throat, and the neighborhood was roused by yells of murder, and the barking of dogs, and the shrieks of children. Up in wretched garrets his presence was felt, where solitary mothers gazed on their infants and longed to kill them. He was in the niches of dark bridges, where outcasts lay huddled together, and some of them stood up from time to time and looked over at the dim stream below. His

was in the uneasy hearts of undiscovered forgers, and of ruined men plotting mischief. He was in prison-cells, where condemned criminals condoled with each other in obscene songs and blasphemy. What he achieved that night, in and about the vast city, came duly out into light and history. But of all the spots over which the Black Shadow hung, the chief, for that night at least, was a certain undistinguished house in the narrow street which thousands who now dwell in London pass and repass, scarce observing it, every day of their lives, as they go and come along the thoroughfare of Holborn. At the door of one house in that quiet street, the horrid Shape watched; through that door he passed in towards midnight; and from that door, having done his work, he emerged before it was morning.

"On the morrow—Saturday, the 25th of August—Mrs. Angell noticed that her lodger did not come down at the time expected. As he had lain longer than usual, however, on the day before, she was not alarmed. But, about eleven o'clock, her husband being then out, and Mrs. Wolfe having come in, she began to fear that something might be the matter; and she and Mrs. Wolfe went up stairs and knocked at the door. They listened a while, but there was no answer. They then tried to open the door, but found it was locked. Being then thoroughly alarmed, one of them ran down stairs, and called a man who chanced to be passing in the street, to come and break the door open. The man did so; and on entering they found the floor littered with small pieces of paper, and Chatterton 'lying on the bed, with his legs hanging over, quite dead.' The bed had not been lain in. The man took up some of the pieces of paper; and on one of them he read, in deceased's handwriting, the words, 'I leave my soul to its Maker, my body to my mother and sister, and my curse to Bristol. If Mr. Ca——:' the rest was torn off. 'The man then said,' relates Mrs. Angell, 'that he must have killed himself; which we did not think till then.' Mrs. Wolfe ran immediately for Mr. Cross, who came, and was the first to point out a bottle on the window containing arsenic and water. 'Some of the bits of arsenic were between his teeth;' so that there was no doubt that he had poisoned himself. The man who had broken open the door, and who was quite unknown to Mrs. Angell or Mrs. Wolfe, then went away, taking some of the little pieces of paper with him."

Unexceptionable, however, is the taste shown in such writing as the following, which speaks of the influences that were at work in bringing the boy-poet to his fate:

"Quiet, plain scholars have lived, before now, in German or in Scotch University towns, on boiled peascods for months, or a single guinea a quarter earned by teaching, without saying much about it. Had youths of this type been in Chatterton's place in London, in August, 1770, they would have most probably survived the crisis. They would have availed themselves gratefully, and yet honestly, of such small immediate aid as those aunts and other relatives that we hear of so slightly in Chatterton's letters (one of them, a carpenter, who had married one of his aunts), might perhaps, though poor, have willingly offered at the sharpest moment of the emergency; and, even failing that, they would have conquered by sheer patience. How was it, then, in Chatterton's case—the 'comforts of Christianity' being placed out of the question?

"Chatterton never would call himself an Atheist. In a time when Wilkes and other contemporaries, whose language he sometimes borrowed, carried on their outrages on Christianity very much in that character, Chatterton, by the very structure of his genius as a boy of ardor and imagination, retained something in him of a poet's reverence for the sublime and the awful. In express anticipation, in one of his satirical poems, of the stigma of Atheism, he says—

"Fallacious is the charge; 'tis all a lie,
As to my reason I can testify.
I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,
Who bid our glories of Creation rise;
Who form'd his varied likeness in mankind,
Centering his many wonders in the mind."

"And, again, in one more solemn soliloquy, on which one dwells with peculiar interest, as perhaps, in its kind, the highest utterance by the poor boy of what was best in him, and which reminds one of similar bursts of natural piety in the writings of Burns and Byron:

"O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise."

"The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right."

"O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear!"

"If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away."

"Then, why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

"But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

"But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the Inflicter of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

"The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals."

"Well for the poor fatherless boy had this mood been permanent! But, at the time of his extreme need, these comforts, even of such natural religion as he had, seem to have taken their flight too, and left him, mocking and bitter, face to face with despair.

"Nor had Chatterton the resources to be found in rectitude and gentleness of mere worldly character. Impetuous, stormy, industrious, and energetic, as he was, there was still in him an element of weakness in what he called his 'pride,' as well as in his open contempt for all the commoner forms of moral principle. Above all, he had in him the conscious sense of a past imposture, and of innumerable minor deceits practised in prosecuting it. Rowley, once the darling phantasm of his poetical imagination, now dogged him as a hateful demon, evoked by himself from the world of spirits, and not to be laid to rest. Wherever he moved, and in whatever form of new labor or distraction he engaged, he could not look back over his shoulder, but there was to be seen the form of this demon, in the garb of a Bristol monk of the fifteenth century, with his hideous old face under a cowl, grinning and gliding after him. In short, whether we view Chatterton's character as it naturally was, or those recollections of past lies and deceits with which he had burdened his conscience so as to deprive his character of half its natural force, he was very likely to endure much, and yet to break down at a point where others in the same circumstances might have found longer endurance quite possible.

"After all, however, the most material fact in the case remains to be told. Physical causes were at work. Bereft of the amount of actual food, and of other comforts, necessary, even with his abstemious habits, to keep body and soul healthily together; wandering about London in a perpetual state of fever and excitement; returning home to

write night after night without rest or sleep—little wonder if he had overstrained his physical capabilities, and if brain and nerve began to fail in their office. Whatever taint of hereditary insanity was in him, derived from the old line of sextons who had jangled in past generations the keys of St. Mary's Church in Bristol, and walked at midnight through its aisles, and dug the graves of its parishioners; or derived, more immediately, from that drunken, wild-eyed father, whom he had never seen, but who used to tell his tavern-companions that he believed in Cornelius Agrippa the necromancer—it had now at last come out in a way not to be mistaken. From his childhood there had been symptoms of it—his fits of weeping, his sudden paroxysms of passion, his long reveries when he gazed at people without seeming to see them, his frequent mutterings aloud. Not till now, however, had these traits passed the limits of what could be considered compatible with sanity. But now, almost certainly, these limits *were* passed. Noticing the strange haggard lad walking about the streets, muttering perhaps to himself, or making sudden gestures, or looking at what was passing, sometimes vacantly, and sometimes with glances unusually keen and bright, even strangers could not but follow him with their eyes, and wonder who he was and where he came from. Had the stranger been one accustomed to the ways of the insane, he would probably at once have pronounced that his brain was affected. And had the stranger been able, with this idea in his mind, to pursue his inquiries further, so as to ascertain what peculiar form or species of insanity had taken possession of him, he would have found that it was that form which physicians recognize as the 'suicidal tendency.' Physicians, as all know, do recognize this as a form of madness; and though they allow that a perfectly sane man may commit suicide after deliberate reasoning on the point, they attribute a large proportion of the suicides to the action of a certain specific impulse which reason cannot overcome. In Chatterton's case, as we have seen, there had been premonitory appearances of the existence of this tendency. The idea of suicide had from the first been familiar to him."

Although we do not agree always with Professor Masson in opinion, and cannot refrain from the expression of some little objection to the defects of his style as a writer yet we have read his book throughout with pleasure. There can be no doubt that he thinks vigorously, and can use his pen in a way to secure for any thing he says both attention and respect.

THE SURGEON TO HIS HENCHMAN.

WHAT ho ! my staunch assistant, there is work
to do anon,
So gird thee with thine apron true, and put thy
stout sleeves on.

Prepare to pound; drugs must be ground; the
brazen mortar ring,
And the pestle roll in the marble bowl, and the
scales will have to swing.

It is the merry Christmas-tide, when worthy
people eat

Five times as much as is good for them, drink
ten times more than meet.

The fields lie bare in the winter air, or yield be-
neath the plough.

Though fallow be they, we make our hay; 'tis
the doctor's harvest now.

The boys are home for the holidays, and they
feed unchecked by rule

Of dietetic discipline, and economy at school;
Roast beef they cram, and turkey and ham, or
sausages tuck in,

And pudding of plum, till they become filled
nearly to the chin.

But O ! the vast capacity which the juveniles
evinced !

Each urchin still some room can find within for
the pie of mince.

Or tart of jam and blanc mange they cram and
their skins with jelly stuff,

And custard and cream, and yet they deem that
they have not had enough.

Dessert succeeds; new appetite its delicacies
wake,

And they gobble up apples, oranges, nuts, al-
monds, raisins, cake;

Besides a deal of candied peel and dates, French
plums, and figs;

Whence business to us shall accrue, so please
the little pigs.

The revel is not ended yet—for pastime they
stand up,

And that restores their appetite, and heartily
they sup.

They gorge a mash of rich sweet trash—at mid-
night seek their beds,

The sun will smile, next morn, on bile, and no
end of aching heads.

There will be pills for thee to grind, and
draughts for thee pour,

And powders thou wilt have to weigh; provided
be, therefore.

And mingle and make all ready to take, each
remedy and cure,

For feeling queer, of Christmas cheer to come
which will be sure.

Mix plenty of the dose of black, roll many a pill
of blue,

And also compound colocynth, and compound
aloes too;

And the powder gray in doses weigh; likewise
the Pulv : Jalap :

And the Pulv : Rhei—they'll be wanted by
right many a little chap.

To remedy too much mince pie put up Vin :
Antim : Tart :

And Ipecacuan : which will like benefit impart,
And to distress from fond excess in pudding
give relief,
And the system clear of the wine and beer to-
gether with the beef.

Of Senna good provision make, and Scammony
as well.

Divide in doses manifold a lot of Calomel.

Cheeks will grow pale, on beef and ale if
maidens dance and romp.

Quinine at hand have, therefore, and Mistura
Ferri Comp :

See that our lancets all are sharp; our cupping-
glasses sound;

Scarificators springing well, and well, if need
be, ground;

Our leeches all right, and inclined to bite; for
blood must needs be shed,

In case it should, through too much food, be de-
termined to the head.

See that Unguent : Cantharidis is at thine
elbow nigh :

For blisters it may also be our duty to apply;
And since we're afraid that so many our aid this

Christmas may require,
The red-lamp clean—that it may be seen—and
look to the night-bell wire !

—Punch.

AN ODE ON THE SUB-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY FRANCIS LIEBER.

ERE we have riven our continent in twain,
To wed the widest seas at Panama;
Ere they have broken through the banks of
sand

That tie the east to Africa,
They weave a thread in history's flowing robe,
Worthy the rapturous strain of Pindar's lyre;
They bury far beneath the changing times
Their inter-hemispheric wire.

We joyed when distant nations of the globe
To England's Thames their skill and fabrics
sent;

Joy more when Europe bends to whisper words
Into the ear of giant Occident.

Not science shall this work and wonder claim;
Far more was needed—all that nobly fills
The souls of races with a settled thought,

And, godlike, binds the scattered wills.
Ye two to whom our God has freedom given,
Whence others freedom's nourishment must
draw,

Commune like kin, and place the precious
thread

'Gainst war, beneath the nations' law.
Commune unceasingly, exchange, increase
The means of peace and culture, large and
high :

Without this dowry modern freedom must,
Fevered and self-consuming, die.

—National Intelligencer.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.—FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

THE church of Long Beckley (a large agricultural village in one of the midland counties of England), although a building in no way remarkable either for its size, its architecture, or its antiquity, possesses, nevertheless, one advantage which the merchant despots of London have barbarously denied to their noble cathedral church of St. Paul. It has plenty of room to stand in, and it can consequently be seen with perfect convenience from every point of view, all round the compass.

The large open space around the church can be approached in three different directions. There is a road from the village, leading straight to the principal door. There is a broad gravel-walk, which begins at the vicarage gates, crosses the churchyard, and stops, as in duty bound, at the vestry entrance. There is a footpath over the fields, by which the lord of the manor, and the gentry in general who live in his august neighborhood, can reach the side door of the building, whenever their natural humility (aided by a favorable state of the weather) may incline them to encourage Sabbath observance in the stables, by going to church, like the lower sort of worshippers, on their own legs.

At half-past seven o'clock, on a certain fine summer morning, in the year 1844, if any observant stranger had happened to be standing in some unnoticed corner of the churchyard, and to be looking about him with sharp eyes, he would probably have been the witness of proceedings which might have led him to believe that there was a conspiracy going on in Long Beckley, of which the church was the rallying point, and some of the most respectable inhabitants the principal leaders. Supposing him to have been looking towards the vicarage, as the clock chimed the half-hour, he would have seen the Vicar of Long Beckley, the Reverend Doctor Chennery, leaving his house suspiciously, by the back way, glancing behind him guiltily as he approached the gravel-walk that led to the vestry, stopping mysteriously just outside the door, and gazing anxiously down the road that led from the village.

Assuming that our observant stranger would, upon this, keep out of sight, and look down the road, like the vicar, he would next have seen the clerk of the church—an austere, yellow-faced, dignified man; a Protestant

Loyola in appearance, and a working shoemaker by trade—approaching with a look of unutterable mystery in his face, and a bunch of big keys in his hand. He would have seen the clerk bow to the vicar with a grim smile of intelligence—as Guy Fawkes might have bowed to Catesby when those two large gunpowder proprietors met to take stock in their extensive range of premises under the Parliament Houses. He would have seen the vicar nod in an abstracted way to the clerk, and say—undoubtedly giving a secret pass-word under the double disguise of a common remark and a friendly question—"Fine morning, Thomas. Have you had your breakfast yet?" He would have heard Thomas reply, with a suspicious regard for minute particulars: "I have had a cup of tea and a crust, sir." And he would then have seen these two local conspirators, after looking up with one accord at the church clock, draw off together to the side-door which commanded a view of the footpath across the fields.

Following them—as our observant stranger could not surely fail to do—he would have detected three more conspirators advancing along the footpath. The leader of this treasonable party was an elderly gentleman, with a weather-beaten face and a bluff hearty manner, admirably calculated to disarm suspicion. His two followers were a young gentleman and a young lady, walking arm-in-arm, and talking together in whispers. They were dressed in the plainest morning costume. The faces of both were rather pale, and the manner of the lady was a little flurried. Otherwise, there was nothing remarkable to observe in them, until they came to the wicket-gate leading into the churchyard; and there the conduct of the young gentleman seemed, at first sight, rather inexplicable. Instead of holding the gate open for the lady to pass through, he hung back, allowed her to open it for herself, waited till she had got to the churchyard side, and then, stretching out his hand over the gate, allowed her to lead him through the entrance, as if he had suddenly changed from a grown man to a helpless little child.

Noting this, and remarking also that, when the party from the fields had arrived within greeting distance of the vicar, and when the clerk had used his bunch of keys to open the church-door, the young lady's

companion was led into the building (this time by Doctor Chennery's hand), as he had been previously led through the wicket-gate, our observant stranger must have arrived at one inevitable conclusion—that the person, requiring such assistance as this, was suffering under the affliction of blindness. Startled a little by that discovery, he would have been still further amazed, if he had looked into the church, by seeing the blind man and the young lady standing together before the altar rails, with the elderly gentleman in parental attendance. Any suspicions he might now entertain that the bond which united the conspirators at that early hour of the morning was of the hymeneal sort, and that the object of their plot was to celebrate a wedding with the strictest secrecy, would have been confirmed in five minutes by the appearance of Doctor Chennery from the vestry in full canonicals, and by the reading of the marriage service in the reverend gentleman's most harmonious officiating tones. The ceremony concluded, the attendant stranger must have been more perplexed than ever by observing that the persons concerned in it all separated, the moment the signing, kissing, and congratulating duties proper to the occasion had been performed, and quickly retired in the various directions by which they had approached the church. Leaving the clerk to return by the village road, the bride, bridegroom, and elderly gentleman to turn back by the footpath over the fields, and the visionary stranger of these pages to vanish out of them, a prey to baffled curiosity, in any direction that he pleases;—let us follow Doctor Chennery to the vicarage breakfast-table, and hear what he has to say about his professional exertions of the morning, in the familiar atmosphere of his own family circle.

The persons assembled at the breakfast were, first, Mr. Phippen, a guest; secondly, Miss Sturch, a governess; thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, Miss Louisa Chennery (aged ten years), Miss Amelia Chennery (aged nine years), and Master Robert Chennery (aged eight years). There was no mother's face present, to make the household picture complete. Doctor Chennery had been a widower since the birth of his youngest child.

The guest was an old college acquaintance of the vicar's, and he was supposed to be

now staying at Long Beckley for the benefit of his health. Most men of any character at all, contrive to get a reputation of some sort which individualizes them in the social circle amid which they move. Mr. Phippen was a man of some little character, and he lived with great distinction in the estimation of his friends, on the reputation of being A Martyr to Dyspepsia. Wherever Mr. Phippen went, the woes of Mr. Phippen's stomach went with him. He dieted himself publicly, and physicked himself publicly. He was so intensely occupied with himself and his maladies, that he would let a chance acquaintance into the secret of the condition of his tongue, at five minutes' notice; being just as perpetually ready to discuss the state of his digestion as people in general are to discuss the state of the weather. On this favorite subject, as on all others, he spoke with a wheedling gentleness of manner, sometimes in softly mournful, sometimes in languidly sentimental tones. His politeness was of the oppressively affectionate sort, and he used the word "dear" continually, in addressing himself to others. Personally, he could not be called a handsome man. His eyes were watery, large, and light gray; they were always rolling from side to side in a state of moist admiration of something or somebody. His nose was long, drooping, profoundly melancholy,—if such an expression may be permitted in reference to that particular feature. For the rest, his lips had a lachrymose twist; his stature was small; his head large, bald, and loosely set on his shoulders; his manner of dressing himself eccentric, on the side of smartness; his age about five-and-forty; his condition that of a single man. Such was Mr. Phippen, the Martyr to Dyspepsia, and the guest of the vicar of Long Beckley.

Miss Sturch, the governess, may be briefly and accurately described as a young lady who had never been troubled with an idea or a sensation since the day when she was born. She was a little, plump, quiet, white-skinned, smiling, neatly-dressed girl, wound up accurately to the performance of certain duties at certain times; and possessed of an inexhaustible vocabulary of commonplace talk, which dribbled placidly out of her lips whenever it was called for, always in the same quantity, and always of the same quality, at every hour in the day, and through

every change in the seasons. Miss Sturch never laughed, and never cried, but took the safe middle course of smiling perpetually. She smiled when she came down on a morning in January, and said it was very cold. She smiled when she came down on a morning in July, and said it was very hot. She smiled when the bishop came once a-year to see the vicar; she smiled when the butcher's boy came every morning for orders. She smiled when Miss Louisa wept on her bosom, and implored indulgence towards errors in geography; she smiled when Master Robert jumped into her lap and ordered her to brush his hair. Let what might happen at the vicarage, nothing ever jerked Miss Sturch out of the one smooth groove in which she ran perpetually, always at the same pace. If she had lived in a royalist family, during the civil wars in England, she would have rung for the cook, to order dinner, on the morning of the execution of Charles the First. If Shakspeare had come back to life again, and had called at the vicarage at six o'clock on Saturday evening, to explain to Miss Sturch exactly what his views were in composing the tragedy of Hamlet, she would have smiled and said it was extremely interesting, until the striking of seven o'clock; at which time she would have begged the Bard of Avon to excuse her, and would have left him in the middle of a sentence, to superintend the housemaid in the verification of the washing book. A very estimable young person, Miss Sturch (as the ladies of Long Beckley were accustomed to say); so judicious with the children, and so attached to her household duties; such a well-regulated mind, and such a crisp touch on the piano; just nice-looking enough, just well-dressed enough, just talkative enough; not quite old enough, perhaps, and a little too much inclined to be embraceably plump about the region of the waist—but, on the whole, a very estimate young person,—very much so, indeed.

On the characteristic peculiarities of Miss Sturch's pupils, it is not necessary to dwell at very great length. Miss Louisa's habitual weakness was an inveterate tendency to catch cold. Miss Amelia's principal defect was a disposition to gratify her palate by eating supplementary dinners and breakfasts at unauthorized times and seasons. Master Robert's most noticeable failings were caused

by alacrity in tearing his clothes, and obtuseness in learning the Multiplication Table. The virtues of all three were of much the same nature—they were well grown, they were genuine children, and they were boisterously fond of Miss Sturch.

To complete the gallery of family portraits, an outline, at the least, must be attempted of the vicar himself. Dr. Chennery was, in a physical point of view, a credit to the Establishment to which he was attached. He stood six feet two in his shooting shoes; he weighed seventeen stone; he was the best bowler in the Long Beckley cricket-club; he was a strictly orthodox man in the matter of wine and mutton; he never started disagreeable theories about people's future destinies in the pulpit, never quarrelled with anybody out of the pulpit, never buttoned up his pockets when the necessities of his poor brethren (dissenters included) pleaded with him to open them. His course through the world was a steady march along the high and dry middle of a safe turnpike-road. The serpentine side-paths of controversy might open as alluringly as they pleased on his right hand and on his left, but he kept on his way sturdily, and never regarded them. Innovating young recruits in the Church army might entrappingly open the Thirty-nine Articles under his very nose, but the veteran's wary eye never looked a hair's-breadth further than his own signature at the bottom of them. He knew as little as possible of theology, he had never given the Privy Council a minute's trouble in the whole course of his life, he was innocent of all meddling with the reading or writing of pamphlets, and he was quite incapable of finding his way to the platform of Exeter Hall. In short, he was the most unclerical of clergymen—but, for all that, he had such a figure for a surplice as is seldom seen. Seventeen stone weight of upright muscular flesh, without an angry spot or a sore place in any part of it, has the merit of suggesting stability, at any rate,—an excellent virtue in pillars of all kinds, but an especially precious quality, at the present time, in a pillar of the Church.

As soon as the vicar entered the breakfast-parlor, the children assailed him with a chorus of shouts. He was a severe disciplinarian in the observance of punctuality at

meal-times; and he now stood convicted by the clock of being too late for breakfast by a quarter of an hour.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Sturch," said the vicar; "but I have a good excuse for being late this morning."

"Pray don't mention it, sir," said Miss Sturch, blandly rubbing her plump little hands one over the other. "A beautiful morning. I fear we shall have another warm day. Robert, my love, your elbow is on the table. A beautiful morning—a beautiful morning, indeed!"

"Stomach still out of order—eh, Phippen?" asked the vicar, beginning to carve the ham.

Mr. Phippen shook his large head dolefully, placed his yellow forefinger, ornamented with a large turquoise ring, on the centre check of his light green summer waistcoat—looked piteously at Doctor Chennery, and sighed—removed the finger, and produced from the breast-pocket of his wrapper a little mahogany case—took out of it a neat pair of apothecary's scales, with the accompanying weights, a morsel of ginger, and a highly-polished silver nutmeg-grater. "Dear Miss Sturch will pardon an invalid?" said Mr. Phippen, beginning to grate the ginger feebly into the nearest tea-cup.

"Guess what has made me a quarter of an hour late this morning," said the vicar, looking mysteriously all round the table.

"Lying in bed, papa," cried the three children, clapping their hands in triumph.

"What do you say, Miss Sturch?" asked Doctor Chennery.

Miss Sturch smiled as usual, rubbed her hands as usual, cleared her throat softly as usual, looked fixedly at the tea-urn, and begged, with the most graceful politeness, to be excused if she said nothing.

"Your turn now, Phippen," said the vicar. "Come, guess what has kept me late this morning."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Phippen, giving the doctor a brotherly squeeze of the hand, "don't ask me to guess—I know! I saw what you ate at dinner yesterday—I saw what you drank after dinner. No digestion could stand it—not even yours. Guess what has made you late this morning? Pooh! pooh! I know. You dear good soul, you have been taking physic!"

"Hav'n't touched a drop, thank God, for the last ten years!" said Doctor Chennery, with a look of devout gratitude. "No, no; you're all wrong. The fact is, I have been to church; and what do you think I have been doing there? Listen, Miss Sturch—listen, girls, with all your ears. Poor blind young Frankland is a happy man at last—I have married him to our dear Rosamond Treverton this very morning!"

"Without telling us, papa!" cried the two girls together, in their shrillest tones of vexation and surprise. "Without telling us, when you know how we should have liked to see it!"

"That was the very reason why I did not tell you, my dears," answered the vicar. "Young Frankland has not got so used to his affliction yet, poor fellow, as to bear being publicly pitied and stared at in the character of a blind bridegroom. He had such a nervous horror of being an object of curiosity on his wedding-day, and Rosamond, like a true, kind-hearted girl as she is, was so anxious that his slightest caprices should be humored, that we settled to have the wedding at an hour in the morning when no idlers were likely to be lounging about the neighborhood of the church. I was bound over to the strictest secrecy about the day, and so was my clerk, Thomas. Excepting us two, and the bride and bridegroom, and the bride's father, Captain Treverton, nobody knew——"

"Treverton!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen, holding his tea-cup, with the grated ginger in the bottom of it, to be filled by Miss Sturch. "Treverton! (No more tea, dear Miss Sturch.) How very remarkable! I know the name. (Fill up with water if you please.) Tell me, my dear doctor (many, many thanks; no sugar, it turns acid on the stomach) is this Miss Treverton whom you have been marrying (many thanks again; no milk, either) one of the Cornish Trevertons?"

"To be sure she is!" rejoined the vicar. "Her father, Captain Treverton, is the head of the family. Not that there's much family to speak of now. The Captain, and Rosamond, and that whimsical old brute of an uncle of hers, Andrew Treverton, are the last left, now, of the old stock—a rich family, and a fine family, in former times—good

friends to Church and State, you know, and all that——”

“Do you approve, sir, of Amelia having a second helping of bread and marmalade?” asked Mrs. Sturch, appealing to Doctor Chennery with the most perfect unconsciousness of interrupting him. Having no spare room in her mind for putting things away in until the appropriate time came for bringing them out, Miss Sturch always asked questions and made remarks the moment they occurred to her, without waiting for the beginning, middle, or end of any conversations that might be proceeding in her presence. She invariably looked the part of a listener to perfection, but she never acted it except in the case of talk that was aimed point-blank at her own ears.

“O, give her a second helping, by all means!” said the vicar, carelessly; “she must over-eat herself, and she may as well do it on bread and marmalade as on any thing else.”

“My dear good soul,” exclaimed Mr. Phippen, “look what a wreck I am, and don’t talk in that shockingly thoughtless way of letting our sweet little Amelia over-eat herself. Load the stomach in youth, and what becomes of the digestion in age? The thing which vulgar people call the inside—I appeal to Miss Sturch’s interest in her charming pupil as an excuse for going into physiological particulars—is, in point of fact, an Apparatus. Digestively considered, Miss Sturch, even the fairest and youngest of us is an Apparatus. Oil our wheels, if you like; but clog them at your peril. Farinaceous puddings and mutton-chops, mutton-chops and farinaceous puddings—those should be the parents’ watchwords, if I had my way, from one end of England to the other. Look here, my sweet child, look at me. There is no fun, dear, about these little scales, but dreadful earnest. See! I put in the balance, on one side, dry bread (stale, dry bread, Amelia!) and on the other some ounce weights. ‘Mr. Phippen! eat by weight. Mr. Phippen! eat the same quantity, day by day, to a hair’s breadth. Mr. Phippen! exceed your allowance (though it is only stale, dry bread) if you dare!’ Amelia, love, this is not fun—this is what the doctors tell me—the doctors, my child, who have been searching my Apparatus through and through, for thirty years past,

with little pills, and have not found out where my wheels are clogged yet. Think of that, Amelia—think of Mr. Phippen’s clogged Apparatus—and say ‘No, thank you,’ next time. Miss Sturch, I beg a thousand pardons for intruding on your province; but my interest in that sweet child, my own sad experience of the hydra-headed tortures—Chennery, you dear good soul, what were we talking about! Ah! the bride—the interesting bride! And so, she is one of the Cornish Trevertons? I knew something of Andrew, years ago. Eccentric and misanthropical. Bachelor, like myself, Miss Sturch. Dyspeptic, like myself, dear Amelia. Not at all like his brother, the captain, I should suppose? And so, she is married? A charming girl, I have no doubt. A charming girl!”

“No better, truer, prettier girl in the world,” said the vicar.

“A very lively, energetic person,” said Miss Sturch.

“How I shall miss her!” said Miss Louisa. “Nobody else amused me as Rosamond did, when I was laid up with that last bad cold of mine.”

“She used to give us such nice little early supper-parties,” said Miss Amelia.

“She was the only girl I ever saw who was fit to play with boys,” said Master Robert. “She could catch a ball, Mr. Phippen, sir, with one hand, and go down a slide with both her legs together.”

“Bless me!” said Mr. Phippen. “What an extraordinary wife for a blind man! You said he was blind, my dear doctor, did you not? Let me see, what was his name? You will not bear too hardly on my loss of memory, Miss Sturch? When indigestion has ravaged the body, it begins to prey on the mind. Mr. Frank Something, was it not? Blind, too, from his birth? Sad! sad!”

“No, no—Frankland,” answered the vicar. “Leonard Frankland. And not blind from his birth by any means. It is not much more than a year ago since he could see almost as well as any of us.”

“An accident, I suppose!” said Mr. Phippen. “You will excuse me if I take the armchair?—a partially reclining posture is of great assistance to me, after meals. So an accident happened to his eyes? Ah, what a delightfully easy chair to sit in!”

“Scarcely an accident,” said Dr. Chen-

nery. "Leonard Frankland was a difficult child to bring up: great constitutional weakness, you know, at first. He seemed to get over that with time, and grew into a quiet, sedate, orderly sort of boy—as unlike my son there as possible—very amiable, and what you call easy to deal with. Well, he had a turn for mechanics (I am telling you all this to make you understand about his blindness), and after veering about from one occupation of that sort to another, he took at last to watch-making. Curious amusement for a boy, but anything that required delicacy of touch and plenty of patience and perseverance, was just the thing to amuse and occupy Leonard. I always said to his father and mother, 'Get him off that stool, break his magnifying-glasses, send him to me, and I'll give him a back at Leap-Frog, and teach him the use of a bat.' But it was no use. His parents knew best, I suppose, and they said he must be humored. Well, things went on smoothly enough for some time, till he got another long illness—as I believe, from not taking exercise enough. As soon as he began to get round, back he went to his old watch-making occupations again. But the bad end of it all was coming. About the last work he did, poor fellow, was the repairing of my watch—here it is; goes as regular as a steam-engine. I hadn't got it back into my fob very long before I heard that he was getting a bad pain at the back of his head, and that he saw all sorts of moving spots before his eyes. String him up with lots of port wine, and give him three hours a-day on the back of a quiet pony—that was my advice. Instead of taking it, they sent for doctors from London, and blistered him behind the ears, and between the shoulders, and drenched the lad with mercury, and moped him up in a dark room. No use. The sight got worse and worse, flickered and flickered, and went out at last like the flame of a candle. His mother died—luckily for her, poor soul—before that happened. His father was half out of his mind: took him to oculists in London, and oculists in Paris. All they did was to call the blindness by a long Latin name, and to say that it was hopeless and useless to try an operation. Some of them said it was the result of the long weaknesses from which he had twice suffered after illness. Some said it was an apoplectic effusion in his brain.

All of them shook their heads when they heard of the watch-making. So they brought him back home blind; blind he is now; and blind he will remain, poor dear fellow, for the rest of his life."

"You shock me, my dear Chennery, you shock me dreadfully," said Mr. Phippen. "Especially when you state that theory about long weakness after illness. Good Heavens! Why, I have had long weaknesses—I have got them now. Spots did he see before his eyes? I see spots, black spots, dancing black spots, dancing black bilious spots. Upon my word of honor, Chennery, this comes home to me—my sympathies are painfully acute—I feel this blind story in every nerve of my body; I do indeed!"

"You would hardly know that Leonard was blind, to look at him," said Miss Louisa, striking into the conversation with a view of restoring Mr. Phippen's equanimity. "Except that his eyes look quieter than other people's, there seems no difference in them now. Who was that famous character you told us about, Miss Sturch, who was blind, and didn't show it any more than Leonard Frankland?"

"Milton, my love. I begged you to remember that he was the most famous of British epic poets," answered Miss Sturch, with suavity. "He poetically describes his blindness as being caused by 'so thick a drop serene.' You shall read about it, Louisa. After we have had a little French, we will have a little Milton, this morning. Hush, love, your papa is speaking."

"Poor young Frankland!" said the vicar, tenderly. "That good, tender, noble creature I married him to this morning, seems sent as a consolation to him in his affliction. If any human being can make him happy for the rest of his life, Rosamond Treverton is the girl to do it."

"She has made a sacrifice," said Mr. Phippen; "but I like her for that, having made a sacrifice myself in remaining single. It seems indispensable, indeed, on the score of humanity, that I should do so. How could I conscientiously inflict such a digestion as mine on a member of the fairer portion of creation? No: I am a Sacrifice in my own proper person, and I have a fellow-feeling for others who are like me. Did she cry much, Chennery, when you were marrying her?"

"Cry!" exclaimed the vicar, contemptu-

ously. "Rosamond Treverton is not one of the puling, sentimental sort, I can tell you. A fine, buxom, warm-hearted, quick-tempered girl, who looks what she means when she tells a man she is going to marry him. And, mind you, she has been tried. If she hadn't loved him with all her heart and soul, she might have been free months ago to marry anybody she pleased. They were engaged long before this cruel affliction befel young Frankland—the fathers, on both sides, having lived as near neighbors in these parts for years. Well, when the blindness came, Leonard, like the fine conscientious fellow he is, at once offered to release Rosamond from her engagement. You should have read the letter she wrote to him, Phippen, upon that. I don't mind confessing that I blubbered like a baby over it, when they showed it to me. I should have married them at once the instant I read it, but old Frankland was a fidgety, punctilious kind of man, and he insisted on a six months' probation, so that she might be certain of knowing her own mind. He died before the term was out, and that caused the marriage to be put off again. But no delays could alter Rosamond—six years, instead of six months, would not have changed her. There she was this morning, as fond of that poor patient blind fellow as she was the first day they were engaged. 'You shall never know a sad moment, Lenny, if I can help it, as long as you live,' those were the first words she said to him when we all came out of church. 'I hear you, Rosamond,' says I. 'And you shall judge me, too, doctor,' says she, quick as lightning. 'We will come back to Long Beckley, and you shall ask Lenny if I have not kept my word.' With that, she gave me a kiss that you might have heard down here at the vicarage, bless her heart! We'll drink her health after dinner, Miss Sturch—we'll drink both their healths, Phippen, in a bottle of the best wine I have in my cellar."

"In a glass of toast-and-water, so far as I am concerned, if you will allow me," said Mr. Phippen, mournfully. "But, my dear Chennery, when you were talking of the fathers of these two interesting young people, you spoke of their living as near neighbors here, at Long Beckley. My memory is impaired, as I am painfully aware; but I thought Captain Treverton was the eldest of

the two brothers, and that he always lived, when he was on shore, at the family place in Cornwall."

"So he did," returned the vicar, "in his wife's lifetime. But since her death, which happened as long ago as the year twenty-nine—let me see, we are now in the year forty-four—and that makes——"

The vicar stopped for an instant to calculate, and looked at Miss Sturch.

"Fifteen years ago, sir," said Miss Sturch, offering the accommodation of a little simple subtraction to the vicar, with her blindest smile.

"Of course," continued Dr. Chennery. "Well, since Mrs. Treverton died, fifteen years ago, Captain Treverton has never been near Porthgenna Tower. And, what is more, Phippen, at the first opportunity he could get, he sold the place—sold it, out and out, mine, fisheries, and all—for forty thousand pounds."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen. "Did he find the air unhealthy? I should think the local produce, in the way of food, must be coarse, now, in those barbarous regions? Who bought the place?"

"Leonard Frankland's father," said the vicar. "It is rather a long story, that sale of Porthgenna Tower, with some curious circumstances involved in it. Suppose we take a turn in the garden, Phippen? I'll tell you all about it over my morning cigar. Miss Sturch, if you want me, I shall be on the lawn somewhere. Girls! mind you know your lessons. Bob! remember that I've got a cane in the hall, and a birch-rod in my dressing-room. Come, Phippen, rouse up out of that armchair. You won't say, no, to a turn in the garden?"

"My dear fellow, I will say yes—if you will kindly lend me an umbrella, and allow me to carry my camp-stool in my hand," said Mr. Phippen. "I am too weak to encounter the sun, and I can't go far without sitting down. The moment I feel fatigued, Miss Sturch, I open my camp-stool, and sit down anywhere, without the slightest regard for appearances. I am ready, Chennery, whenever you are—equally ready, my good friend, for the garden and the story about the sale of Porthgenna Tower. You said it was a curious story, did you not?"

"I said there were some curious circumstances connected with it," replied the vicar.

"And when you hear about them, I think you will say so, too. Come along! you will find your camp-stool, and a choice of all the umbrellas in the house, in the hall."

With those words, Doctor Chennery opened his cigar-case, and led the way out of the breakfast parlor.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.—THE SALE OF PORTHGENNA TOWER.

"How charming! how pastoral! how exquisitely soothing to the nerves!" said Mr. Phippen, sentimentally surveying the lawn at the back of the vicarage-house, under the shadow of the lightest umbrella he could pick out of the hall. "Three years have passed, Chennery—three suffering years for me, but we need not dwell on that—since I last stood on this lawn. There is the window of your old study, where I had that attack of heartburn last time,—in the strawberry season; don't you remember? Ah! and there is the school-room! Shall I ever forget dear Miss Sturch coming to me out of that room—a ministering angel—with soda and ginger—so comforting, so sweetly anxious about stirring it up, so unaffectedly grieved that there was no sal-volatile in the house! I do so enjoy these pleasant recollections, Chennery; they are as great a luxury to me as your cigar is to you. Could you walk on the other side, my dear fellow? I like the smell, but the smoke is a little too much for me. Thank you. And now about the story—the curious story? What was the name of the old place—I am so interested in it—it began with a P, surely?"

"Porthgenna Tower," said the vicar.

"Exactly," rejoined Mr. Phippen, shifting the umbrella tenderly from one shoulder to the other. "And what in the world made Captain Treverton sell Porthgenna Tower?"

"I believe the reason was that he could not endure the place after the death of his wife," answered Doctor Chennery. "The estate, you know, has never been entailed; so the Captain had no difficulty in parting with it, except, of course, the difficulty of finding a purchaser."

"Why not his brother?" asked Mr. Phippen. "Why not our eccentric friend, Andrew Treverton?"

"Don't call him my friend," said the vicar. "A mean, grovelling, cynical, selfish old wretch! It's no use shaking your head, Phippen, and trying to look shocked. I know Andrew Treverton's early history as well as you do. I know that he was treated

with the basest ingratitude and villany, by a college friend, who took all he had to give, and swindled him at last in the grossest manner. I know all about that. But one instance of ingratitude does not justify a man in shutting himself up from society, and railing against all mankind as a disgrace to the earth they walk on. I myself have heard the old brute say that the greatest benefactor to our generation would be a second Herod, who could prevent another generation from succeeding it. Ought a man who can talk in that way to be the friend of any human being with the slightest respect for his species or himself?"

"My friend!" said Mr. Phippen, catching the vicar by the arm, and mysteriously lowering his voice, "my dear and reverend friend! I admire your honest indignation against the utterer of that exceedingly misanthropical sentiment; but—I confide this to you, Chennery, in the strictest secrecy—there are moments,—morning moments generally,—when my digestion is in such a state, that I have actually agreed with that annihilating person, Andrew Treverton! I have woke up with my tongue like a cinder—I have crawled to the glass and looked at it—and I have said to myself, Let there be an end of the human race rather than a continuance of this!"

"Pooh! pooh!" cried the vicar, receiving Mr. Phippen's confession with a burst of irreverent laughter. "Take a glass of cool small beer next time your tongue is in that state, and you will pray for a continuance of the brewing part of the human race, at any rate. But let us go back to Porthgenna Tower, or I shall never get on with my story. When Captain Treverton had once made up his mind to sell the place, I have no doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, he would have thought of offering it to his brother (who inherited the mother's fortune, you know), with a view, of course, to keeping the estate in the family. Not that Andrew would have been much good in that way, for a more confirmed old bachelor never existed. However, as things were at that

time (and are still, I am sorry to say), the Captain could make no personal offers of any kind to Andrew—for the two were not then, and are not now, on speaking, or even on writing terms. It is a shocking thing to say, but the worst quarrel of the kind I ever heard of, is the quarrel between those two brothers."

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said Mr. Phippen, opening his camp-stool, which had hitherto hung, dangling by its silken tassel, on the hooked handle of the umbrella. "May I sit down before you go any further? I am getting a little excited about this part of the story, and I dare not fatigue myself. Pray go on. I don't think the legs of my camp-stool will make holes in the lawn. I am so light—a mere skeleton, in fact. Do go on!"

"You must have heard," pursued the vicar, "that Captain Treverton, when he was advanced in life, married an actress—rather a violent temper, I believe; but a person of spotless character, and as fond of her husband as a woman could be; therefore, according to my view of it, a very good wife for him to marry. However, the Captain's friends, of course, made the usual senseless outcry, and the Captain's brother, as the only near relation, took it on himself to attempt breaking off the marriage in the most offensively indelicate way. Failing in that, and hating the poor woman like poison, he left his brother's house, saying, among many other savage speeches, one infamous thing about the bride, which—which, upon my honor, Phippen, I am ashamed to repeat. Whatever the words were, they were unluckily carried to Mrs. Treverton's ears, and they were of the kind that no woman—let alone a quick-tempered woman like the Captain's wife—ever forgives. An interview followed between the two brothers—and it led, as you may easily imagine, to very unhappy results. They parted in the most deplorable manner. The Captain declared, in the heat of his passion, that Andrew had never had one generous impulse in his heart since he was born, and that he would die without one kind feeling towards any living soul in the world. Andrew replied, that if he had no heart, he had a memory, and that he should remember those farewell words as long as he lived. So they separated. Twice afterwards, the Captain made overtures of

reconciliation. The first time, when his daughter Rosamond was born; the second time, when Mrs. Treverton died. On each occasion the elder brother wrote to say that if the younger would retract the atrocious words he had spoken against his sister-in-law, every atonement should be offered to him for the harsh language which the Captain had used, in the hastiness of anger, when they last met. No answer was received from Andrew to either letter; and the estrangement between the two brothers has continued to the present time. You understand now why Captain Treverton could not privately consult Andrew's inclinations, before he publicly announced his intention of parting with Porthgenna Tower?"

Although Mr. Phippen declared, in answer to this appeal, that he understood perfectly, and although he begged with the utmost politeness that the vicar would go on, his attention seemed, for the moment, to be entirely absorbed in inspecting the legs of his camp-stool, and in ascertaining what impression they made on the vicarage lawn. Doctor Chennery's own interest, however, in the circumstances that he was relating, seemed sufficiently strong to make up for any transient lapse of attention on the part of his guest. After a few vigorous puffs at his cigar (which had been several times in imminent danger of going out while he was speaking), he went on with his narrative in these words:

"Well, the house, the estate, the mine, and the fisheries of Porthgenna were all publicly put up for sale, a few months after Mrs. Treverton's death; but no offers were made for the property which it was possible to accept. The ruinous state of the house, the bad cultivation of the land, legal difficulties in connection with the mine, and quarter-day difficulties in the collection of the rents, all contributed to make Porthgenna what the auctioneers would call a bad lot to dispose of. Failing to sell the place, Captain Treverton could not be prevailed on to change his mind, and live there again. The death of his wife almost broke his heart—for he was, by all accounts, just as fond of her as she had been of him—and the very sight of the place that was associated with the greatest affliction of his life became hateful to him. He removed, with his little girl and a relative of Mrs. Treverton, who was her

governess, to our neighborhood, and rented a pretty little cottage, across the church fields, near that large house which you must have observed with the high-walled garden, close to the London road. The house was inhabited at that time by Leonard Frankland's father and mother. The new neighbors soon became intimate; and thus it happened that the couple whom I have been marrying this morning were brought up together as children, and fell in love with each other, almost before they were out of their pinafores."

"Chennery, my dear fellow, I don't look as if I was sitting all on one side, do I?" cried Mr. Phippen, suddenly breaking into the vicar's narrative, with a look of alarm. "I am shocked to interrupt you; but, surely, your grass is amazingly soft in this part of the country. One of my camp-stool legs is getting shorter and shorter every moment. I'm drilling a hole! I'm toppling over! Gracious Heavens! I feel myself going—I shall be down, Chennery; upon my life, I shall be down!"

"Stuff!" cried the vicar, pulling up, first Mr. Phippen and then Mr. Phippen's camp-stool, which had rooted itself in the grass, all on one side. "Here! come on to the gravel-walk; you can't drill holes in that. What's the matter now?"

"Palpitations," said Mr. Phippen, dropping his umbrella, and placing his hand over his heart; "and bile. I see those black spots again—those infernal, lively, black spots, dancing before my eyes. Chennery, suppose you consult some agricultural friend about the quality of your grass. Take my word for it, your lawn is softer than it ought to be.—Lawn!" repeated Mr. Phippen to himself, contemptuously, as he turned round to pick up his umbrella. "It isn't a lawn—it's a bog!"

"There, sit down," said the vicar, "and don't pay the palpitations and the black spots the compliment of bestowing the smallest attention on them. Do you want anything to drink? Shall it be physic, or beer, or what?"

"No, no! I am so unwilling to give trouble," answered Mr. Phippen. "I would rather suffer—rather, a great deal. I think if you would go on with your story, Chennery, it would compose me. I have not the faintest idea of what led to it, but I think

you were saying something interesting on the subject of pinafores!"

"Nonsense!" said Doctor Chennery. "I was only telling you of the fondness between the two children who have now grown up to be man and wife. And I was going on to tell you that Captain Treverton, shortly after he settled in our neighborhood, took to the active practice of his profession again. Nothing else seemed to fill up the gap that the loss of Mrs. Treverton had made in his life. Having good interest with the Admiralty, he can always get a ship when he applies for one; and up to the present time, with intervals on shore, he has resolutely stuck to the sea—though he is getting, as his daughter and his friends think, rather too old for it now. Don't look puzzled, Phippen; I am not going so wide of the mark as you think. These are some of the necessary particulars that must be stated first. And now they are comfortably disposed of, I can get round at last to the main part of my story—the sale of Porthgenna Tower. What is it now? Do you want to get up again?"

Yes, Mr. Phippen did want to get up again; being of opinion that his best chance of composing the palpitations and dispersing the black spots, lay in trying the experiment of a little gentle walking exercise. He was most unwilling to occasion any trouble, but would his worthy friend Chennery, before proceeding with this intensely interesting story, give him an arm, and carry the camp-stool, and walk slowly in the direction of the school-room window, so as to keep Miss Sturch within easy hailing distance, in case it became necessary to try the last resource of taking a composing draught? The vicar, whose inexhaustible good nature was proof against every trial that Mr. Phippen's dyspeptic infirmities could inflict on it, complied with all these requests, and went on with his story, unconsciously adopting the tone and manner of a good-humored parent who was doing his best to soothe the temper of a fretful child.

"I told you," he said, "that the elder Mr. Frankland and Captain Treverton were near neighbors here. They had not been long acquainted before the one found out from the other that Porthgenna Tower was for sale. On first hearing this, old Frankland asked a few questions about the place, but said not a word on the subject of pur-

chasing it. Soon after that, the Captain got a ship and went to sea. During his absence, old Frankland privately set off for Cornwall, to look at the estate, and to find out all he could about its advantages and defects from the persons left in charge of the house and lands. He said nothing when he came back, until Captain Treverton returned from his first cruise; and then the old gentleman spoke out one morning, in his quiet, decided way.

"'Treverton,' said he, 'if you will sell Porthgenna Tower at the price at which you bought it in, when you tried to dispose of it by auction, write to your lawyer, and tell him to take the title-deeds to mine, and ask for the purchase-money.'

"Captain Treverton was naturally a little astonished at the readiness of this offer; but people, like myself, who knew old Frankland's history, were not so surprised. His fortune had been made by trade, and he was foolish enough to be always a little ashamed of acknowledging that one simple and creditable fact. The truth was that his ancestors had been landed gentry of importance, before the time of the Civil War, and the old gentleman's great ambition was to sink the merchant in the landed grandee, and to leave his son to succeed him in the character of a Squire of large estate and great county influence. He was willing to devote half his fortune to accomplish this great scheme; but half his fortune would not buy him such an estate as he wanted, in an important agricultural county like ours. Rents are high, and land is made the most of with us. An estate as extensive as the estate of Porthgenna, would fetch more than double the money which Captain Treverton could venture to ask for it, if it was situated in these parts. Old Frankland was well aware of that fact, and attached all possible importance to it. Besides, there was something in the feudal look of Porthgenna Tower, and in the right over the mine and fisheries, which the purchase of the estate included, that flattered his notions of restoring the family greatness. Here, he and his son after him could lord it, as he thought, on a large scale, and direct, at their sovereign will and pleasure, the industry of hundreds of poor people, scattered along the coast, or huddled together in the little villages inland. This was a tempting prospect, and it could be secured for forty thousand pounds—which

was just ten thousand pounds less than he had made up his mind to give, when he first determined to metamorphose himself from a plain merchant into a magnificent landed gentleman. People who knew these facts were, as I have said, not much surprised at Mr. Frankland's readiness to purchase Porthgenna Tower; and Captain Treverton, it is hardly necessary to say, was not long in clenching the bargain on his side. The estate changed hands; and away went old Frankland with a tail of wiseacres from London at his heels, to work the mine and the fisheries on new scientific principles, and to beautify the old house from top to bottom with bran-new mediæval decorations, under the direction of a gentleman who was said to be an architect, but who looked, to my mind, the very image of a Popish priest in disguise. Wonderful plans and projects, were they not? And how do you think they succeeded?"

"Do tell me, my dear fellow!" was the answer that fell from Mr. Phippen's lips. "I wonder whether Miss Sturch keeps a bottle of camphor julep in the family medicine chest?" was the thought that passed through Mr. Phippen's mind.

"Tell you!" exclaimed the vicar. "Why, of course, every one of his plans turned out a dead failure. His Cornish tenantry received him as an interloper. The antiquity of his family made no impression upon them. It might be an old family, but it was not a Cornish family, and, therefore, it was of no importance in their eyes. They would have gone to the world's end for the Trevertons; but not a man of them would move a step out of his way for the Franklands. As for the mine, it seemed to be inspired with the same mutinous spirit that possessed the tenantry. The wiseacres from London, blasting in all directions on the profoundest scientific principles, brought about sixpennyworth of ore to the surface for every five pounds they spent in getting it up. The fisheries turned out little better. A new plan for curing pilchards, which was a marvel of economy in theory, proved to be a perfect phenomenon of extravagance in practice. The only item of luck in old Frankland's large sum of misfortunes was produced by his quarrelling in good time with the mediæval architect, who was like a Popish priest in disguise. This fortunate event saved the new owner of Porthgenna all the money he might otherwise have spent in

restoring and re-decorating the whole suite of rooms on the north side of the house, which had been left to go to rack and ruin for more than fifty years past, and which remain in their old neglected condition to this day. To make a long story short, after uselessly spending more thousands of pounds at Porthgenna than I should like to reckon up, old Frankland gave in at last, left the place in disgust to the care of his steward, who was charged never to lay out another farthing on it, and returned to this neighborhood. Being in high dudgeon, and happening to catch Captain Treverton on shore when he got back, the first thing he did was to abuse Porthgenna, and all the people about it, a little too vehemently in the Captain's presence. This led to a coolness between the two neighbors, which might have ended in the breaking off of all intercourse, but for the children on either side, who would see each other just as often as ever, and who ended, by dint of wilful persistency, in putting an end to the estrangement between their fathers, by making it look simply ridiculous. Here, in my opinion, lies the most curious part of the story. Important family interests depended on those two young people falling in love with each other; and, wonderful to relate, that (as you know, after my confession at breakfast-time) was exactly what they did. Here is a case of a most romantic love-match, which is also the marriage, of all others, that the parents on both sides had the strongest worldly interest in promoting. Shakspeare may say what he pleases, the course of true love does run smooth sometimes. Never was the marriage service performed to better purpose than when I read it this morning. The estate being entailed on Leonard, Captain Treverton's daughter now goes back, in the capacity of mistress, to the house and lands which her father sold. Rosamond being an only child, the purchase-money of Porthgenna, which old Frankland once lamented as money thrown away, will now, when the captain dies, be the marriage-portion of young Frankland's wife. I don't know what you think of the beginning and middle of my story, Phippen, but the end ought to satisfy you, at any rate. Did you ever hear of a bride and bridegroom who started with fairer prospects in life than our bride and bridegroom of to-day?"

Before Mr. Phippen could make any reply, Miss Sturch put her head out of the school-

room window: and seeing the two gentlemen approaching, beamed on them with her invariable smile. Then, addressing the vicar, said in her softest tones:

"I regret extremely to trouble you, sir, but I find Robert very intractable, this morning, with his multiplication table."

"Where does he stick now?" asked Doctor Chennery.

"At seven times eight, sir," replied Miss Sturch.

"Bob!" shouted the vicar through the window. "Seven times eight?"

"Forty-three," answered the whimpering voice of the invisible Bob.

"You shall have one more chance before I get my cane," said Doctor Chennery. "Now, then, look out! Seven times——"

"My dear, good friend," interposed Mr. Phippen, "if you cane that very unhappy boy, he will scream. My nerves have been tried once this morning by the camp-stool: I shall be totally shattered if I hear screams. Give me time to get out of the way, and allow me also to spare dear Miss Sturch the sad spectacle of correction (so shocking to sensibilities like hers) by asking her for a little camphor julep, and so giving her an excuse for getting out of the way like me. I think I could have done without the camphor julep under any other circumstances; but I ask for it unhesitatingly now, as much for Miss Sturch's sake as for the sake of my own poor nerves. Have you got camphor julep, Miss Sturch? Say yes, I beg and entreat, and give me an opportunity of escorting you out of the way of the screams."

While Miss Sturch—whose well-trained sensibilities were proof against the longest paternal caning and the loudest filial acknowledgment of it in the way of screams—tripped up-stairs to fetch the camphor julep, as smiling and self-possessed as ever, Master Bob, finding himself left alone with his sisters in the school-room, sidled up to the youngest of the two, produced from the pocket of his trousers three frowzy acidulated drops looking very much the worse for wear, and, attacking Miss Amelia on the weak, or greedy side of her character, artfully offered the drops, in exchange for confidential information on the subject of seven times eight. "You like 'em?" whispered Bob. "O, don't I!" answered Amelia. "Seven times eight?" asked Bob. "Fifty-six," answered

Amelia. "Sure?" said Bob. "Certain," said Amelia. The drops changed hands, and the catastrophe of the domestic drama changed with them. Just as Miss Sturch appeared with the camphor julep at the garden door, in the character of medical Hebe to Mr. Phippen, her intractable pupil showed himself to his father at the school-room window, in the character, arithmetically speaking, of a reformed son. The cane reposed for the day; and Mr. Phippen drank his glass of camphor julep with a mind at ease on the twin-subjects of Miss Sturch's sensibilities and Master Bob's screams.

"Most gratifying in every way," said the Martyr to Dyspepsia, smacking his lips with great relish, as he drained the last drops out of the glass. "My nerves are spared, Miss Sturch's feelings are spared, and the dear boy's back is spared. You have no idea how relieved I feel, Chennery. Whereabouts were we in that delightful story of yours when this little domestic interruption occurred?"

"At the end of it, to be sure," said the vicar. "The bride and bridegroom are some miles on their way, by this time, to spend the honeymoon at St. Swithin's-on-Sea. Captain Treverton is only left behind for a day. He received his sailing orders on Monday, and he will be off to Portsmouth to-morrow to take command of his ship. Though he won't admit it in plain words, I happen to know that Rosamond has persuaded him to make this his last cruise. She has a plan for getting him back to Porthgenna, to live there with her and her husband, which I hope and believe will succeed. The west rooms at the old house, in one of which Mrs. Treverton died, are not to be used at all by the young married couple. They have engaged a builder—a sensible, practical man, this time—to survey the neglected north rooms, with a view to the redecoration and thorough repair in every way. This part of the house cannot possibly be associated with any melancholy recollections in Captain Treverton's mind; for neither he nor any one else ever entered it during the period of his residence at Porthgenna. Considering the change in the look of the place which this project of repairing the north rooms is sure to produce, and taking into account also the softening effect of time on all painful recollections, I should say there was a fair

prospect now of Captain Treverton's returning to pass the end of his days among his old tenantry. It will be a great chance for Leonard Frankland if he does, for he would be sure to dispose the people at Porthgenna kindly towards their new master. Introduced among his Cornish tenants under Captain Treverton's wing, Leonard is sure to get on well with them, provided he abstains from showing too much of the family pride which he has inherited from his father. He is a little given to over-rate the advantages of birth and the importance of rank—but that is really the only noticeable defect in his character. In all other respects, I can honestly say of him that he deserves what he has got—the best wife in the world. What a life of happiness, Phippen, seems to be awaiting those lucky young people! It is a bold thing to say of any mortal creatures, but, look as far on as I may, not a cloud can I see anywhere in their future prospects."

"You excellent creature!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen, affectionately squeezing the vicar's hand. "How I enjoy hearing you! how I luxuriate in your bright view of life!"

"And is it not the true view—especially in the case of young Frankland and his wife?" inquired the vicar.

"If you ask me," said Mr. Phippen, with a mournful smile, and a philosophic calmness of manner, "I can only answer that the direction of a man's speculative views depends, not to mince the matter, on the state of his secretions. Your biliary secretions, dear friend, are all right, and you take bright views. My biliary secretions are all wrong, and I take dark views. You look at the future prospects of this young married couple, and say there is no cloud over them. I don't dispute the assertion, not having the pleasure of knowing either bride or bridegroom. But I look up at the sky over our heads—I remember that there was not a cloud on it when we first entered the garden—I now see, just over those two trees growing so close together, a cloud that has appeared unexpectedly from nobody knows where—and I draw my own conclusions. Such," said Mr. Phippen, ascending the garden steps on his way into the house, "is my philosophy. It may be tinged with bile, but it is philosophy for all that."

"All the philosophy in the world," said the vicar, following his guest up the steps, "will

not shake my conviction that Leonard Frankland and his wife have a happy future before them."

Mr. Phippen laughed, and, waiting on the steps till his host joined him, took Doctor Chennery's arm in the friendliest manner.

"You have told a charming story, Chen-

nery," he said, "and you have ended it with a charming sentiment. But, my dear friend, though your healthy mind (influenced by an enviable easy digestion) despises my bilious philosophy, don't quite forget the cloud over the two trees. Look up at it now—it is getting darker and bigger already."

EXPEDITION TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.—Among other works indicating the enlarged and enterprising spirit of Said Pasha, the present Viceroy of Egypt, is an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, mysterious as was once the mouth of the Niger, which at last yielded its secret to the enthusiasm of science. The fountain head of this miracle-working river has defied all exploration, as though some mighty water god, seated in the impenetrable *adytum* of his subterranean temple, designed only to create wonder and worship by an annual overflow, whose cause no one could comprehend, whose author no one could approach. The nations through whose countries the Nile serpented its long way gazed and admired, as the precious deluge rolled along, a miracle not less in retiring than in its coming. What a nurse this occurrence of Eastern fancy and superstition, while the water was regarded as of such unearthly sweetness, that Mahomet declared that he should be tempted to turn away from paradise itself, if he could ever bathe his lips in its tide!

The last expedition to discover the sources of the Nile was sent by Mehemet Ali, the enlightened and energetic Viceroy of Egypt, and occupied the years 1841, 1842, and 1843. The expedition penetrated to the 4th degree of North latitude. All along this immense distance of more than 3,000 miles which the Nile had been traced, it presented the same unvarying aspect as in Upper Egypt and Soudan. A mighty stream was rolling onwards, and yet unfed by rains and without any discovered source, and seeming to gush out from the earth's inmost heart, and under the earth's equator. Disheartened by unsuccessful labor, though prolonged to nearly three years, the object they pursued fleeing before them like an *ignis fatuus* the farther they went; the expedition at length turned back, leaving the mystery to be solved by others, if ever resolved. No official report of the expedition has ever been published; but some of the party have given accounts of their adventures of greater or less extent, from which many interesting facts may be gathered.

The present expedition is organized in the wisest manner, both for safety and securing the largest amount of information of all kinds. Like the last expedition, it will be protected by an armed force of 300 men, furnished by the

Egyptian government; a French engineer, who made a part of the last expedition, and also a brother of the French Consul-General of Egypt, will accompany the present expedition, and all the principal departments of science will be represented by competent men. The expedition will be under the command of Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, who for a long time has been acquainted with a part of the country which is to be traversed, both in regard to the climate and the manners of the inhabitants. He has made many journeys into Soudan, and published the results of his observations in a highly interesting work. Second in command is Mr. Aubaret, a knight of the Legion of Honor, a distinguished officer in the French navy, and formerly aide-camp of Admiral Hamelin in the Black Sea Squadron. The members of the expedition intrusted with the different departments of science, are Mr. Mayer, Prussian, engineer of mines; Mr. Richard, as botanist, a Frenchman and doctor of medicine and surgery; Mr. Bileslawski, Austrian, and Mr. Gerg, Austrian, both connected with the Imperial Institute of Military Geography; Mr. Della Salla, Italian, topographer; Count Kirski, Austrian, of the Imperial Institute of Geography; Mr. Pouchet, Frenchman, a licentiate in the sciences; Mr. Twiford, English, an officer in the navy; Mr. De Bar, a Frenchman, as draftsman; and, not to exclude the United States from sharing in the glory, Mr. Clagne of New Orleans, photographer, besides several other men of science. An expedition for exploration and discovery was never more judiciously composed and better furnished to secure the most ample results. Some time since the commander of the expedition sent two small steamers and four other boats up to the first cataract, to wait till the fall of the river, when all the party would at once advance; and probably before the date of this communication they are on their way. In ascending the White Nile, the expedition will find Egyptian posts, heretofore arranged up to the 4th degree of North latitude, from whence they will strike for Central Africa, and the region beyond the equator. Being provided with extraordinary means and protection, the expedition has a better chance than any before, of at last discovering the mysterious sources of the Nile.—*Correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, dated Beirut, 8 Dec.*

From The Examiner.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. In eight volumes. Vol. I. Bentley.

THE first volume of this, which is unquestionably to become the Standard Library Edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, does not provide us with much new matter to discuss, though what little there is is very interesting, and may be taken as a foretaste of the novelty to come. Here we are among the early letters. Mr. Cunningham, after a short preface of his own, gives all the prefaces by former editors of Walpole, then Walpole's "Short Notes" of his Life, his Memoir respecting places under Government, and the Reminiscences. The Letters then begin, and are throughout illustrated with the best notes of all the previous editors carefully examined and corrected, and with very many notes by Mr. Cunningham himself. To each note the name of its author is appended. Of the new matter in this volume the best will be found in three letters pertaining to a quarrel between Horace and his brother Edward, on the Castle Rising election, in 1745. Castle Rising was a family-borough. General Churchill's death caused a vacancy, and Horace interested himself actively in the return of John Rigby—who was in fact returned—as his successor. Sir Edward, beginning with "Sir" a letter to his brother—who was by ten years his junior—expressed wrath at this interference, and after laying down family law, said:

"How you came never to think of me, who stand so directly before you, or, if you did think of me, how you happened to imagine that I was not to be consulted in an affair of this consequence, where birth and seniority give me so just and natural a pretension, I cannot conceive. It is so contemptuous and arrogant a treatment, that it is not easily to be forgotten; for to be sensible yourself how very desirable a thing it is, either in a private view in regard to a friend, or in the eye of the world, in respect to oneself, and to think that I either did not desire it, or did not know its advantages, is to despise me beyond measure. But your conduct to me has always been of the same kind, and has made it the most painful thing in the world to me to have any commerce with you. You have, I must confess, showed a great disposition to me and to my children at all times, which is agreeable to the good nature that I shall ever do you the

justice to think and say you possess in a great degree; but it has been mixed with what I dare say you can't help, and never meant offence by, but still what I am not obliged to bear, such a confidence and presumption of some kind of superiority, that, my sentiments not tallying with yours upon that head, it has been very unpleasant. You have assumed to yourself a pre-eminence, from an imaginary disparity between us in point of abilities and character, that, although you are a very great man, I cannot submit to; and you have crowned the whole with this most evident proof that I have not mistaken you; therefore, since the conditions of your friendship and kindness are such that I must be subject to direct injuries, such as this cruel wrong done me now, or those kinds of hurts that a man feels most when they have the face of kindness, I must be excused, if I beg it of you as a favor, never to be kind to me again.

"I am your humble Servant,

"ED. WALPOLE."

Horace, as many men do when they feel affronted, cleared his mind by passing it through a retort, and in this process he thus decomposed the offensive letter, sentence by sentence:

"Brother, I am sorry you won't let me say, Dear Brother, but till you have still farther proved how impossible it is for you to have any affection for me, I will never begin my letters as you do—'Sir.'"

"Before I enter upon your letter, I must be so impertinent even as to give my elder brother advice, and that is, the next letter you write, to consider whether the person it is addressed to, has any dependence upon you, or which I am sure your heart will tell you I have not any obligation to you. If they have neither, they may happen to laugh at your style.

"*Castle Rising is a Family-Borough.* This is your first proposition, but not very definite. It is a borough in our family, but I never heard that it was parliamentarily entailed upon every branch of our family. If it was, how came Mr. Churchill to be always chosen there? However, before I ever undertake any thing again, I will certainly examine our genealogical table, and be sure that Lord Walpole, yourself, and all our eleven first cousins, have no mind to the same thing.

"How you came never to think of me. For your sake I won't answer this.

"Or how you happened to imagine I was not to be consulted. I will ask you another question, how you happen to imagine it was

necessary for me to consult you? Have you ever given me any encouragement to consult you in any thing? How must I consult you? By letter? You never would see me either at your own house or here! The authority you affect over me is ridiculous; and for consulting you, good God! do you think you ever judge so dispassionately, as that any man living would consult you?

"Whose birth and seniority give me so just and natural a pretension. To my father's estate before me, to nothing else that I know of.

"It is so contemptuous and arrogant a treatment. Those words I return you, being full as proper and decent from me to you, as from you to me, whose birth, though thank God not my seniority, is as considerable as yours.

"As to the desirableness of this affair. Your whole paragraph may be very political but is not argumentative.

"But your conduct to me has always been of the same kind. As you are so kind afterwards as to explain what my conduct has always been to you, I shall certainly not endeavor to refute this passage, but submit myself to your own acknowledgments.

"The most painful thing in the world to have any commerce with you. I believe it, for I have always seen it, and in vain endeavored to make it more tolerable to you.

"You have, I must confess, showed a great disposition to me and to my children at all times. Thank you.

"Good nature which I think and say you possess in a great degree. Dear Brother, I wish I could think the same of you.

"It has been mixed with what I dare say you can't help and never meant offence by. I may, if I please, believe the same of your letter.

"A confidence and presumption of some kind of superiority. This I must answer a little fuller as being the only thing in your letter which you have not confuted yourself. I won't appeal to everybody that has ever seen me with you, but to yourself. Lay your hand on your heart, and say, if I have not all my lifetime to this very instant, treated you with a respect, a deference, an awe, a submission beyond what, I say to my shame, I ever showed my father; and you ought to be ashamed too, who made it necessary for his peace and for my own, that I should treat you so; I never disputed your opinion, I never gave you my own till you had yours: this was confidence and presumption!

"You have assumed to yourself a pre-eminence, from an imaginary disparity between us in point of abilities and character. Who told you so? not your eyes but your

jealousy. I'll tell you, brother, the only superiority I ever pretended over you, was in my temper."

Towards the close of this letter Horace speaks of his brother's jealousy, and among other illustrations writes:

"Know, brother, that you never came where my father was, that I did not beg and beseech him never to take notice of me before you. This I have living witnesses to prove. For your transports of jealousy about my speaking in Parliament, I will say nothing, but this—Was it reasonable I should be silent there, because you had an ambition of making a figure! O brother, so far from having that self-conceit you attribute to me, all my family and acquaintance know, that no man has a greater opinion of your parts; no man has commended you more. I have always said, all the world would love you if you would let them; but for your love to your father, I have always declared, that of all his children I was convinced you loved him the best. What have you said of me behind my back?

"I have done, brother, though by this example believe I have not said the hardest things that I could to you.

"You conclude with disclaiming all friendship with, and relation to, me. After the vain pains I have taken to deserve that friendship, and the regard I have in vain had to that relation, I don't know whether I ought not readily to embrace this entire rupture. However, as I think you are good-natured when you are cool, and must have repented the unmerited ill-treatment, I can forgive you, and for this last time offer you my friendship; at the same time assuring you that I despise your anger; and if you persist in disclaiming my brotherhood, the only cover that you have for your abuse, I must tell you, that you shall treat me like a gentleman.

"Yours or not, as you please,

"HOR. WALPOLE.

"P. S. If I have entered upon more points than your letter led me to, it was from my heart being full of resentment for a long series of your injustice to me, and from being glad to take the opportunity of making you sensible of it by this expostulation, which I have never been able to do by the most submissive behavior, and by every instance I had in my power of showing you, how much I wished you would be my friend. But that is past, if you have anything further to say to me, it must be in person, for I will not read any more such letters, nor will I be affronted."

Having thus spilt his wrath out upon pa-

per, there remained to Horace only the good-nature with which it was put quietly aside. Immediately afterwards he wrote this, which was the answer actually sent to his brother, and of the same date with the affront:

"Dear Brother,—You have used me very ill without any provocation or any pretence. I have always made it my study to deserve your friendship, as you yourself own, and by a submission which I did not owe you. For consulting you in what you had nothing to do, I certainly did not, nor ever will, while you profess so much aversion for me. I am still ready to live with you upon any terms

of friendship and equality; but I don't mind your anger, which can only hurt yourself, when you come to reflect with what strange passion you have treated me, who have always loved you, have always tried to please you, have always spoken of you with regard, and who will yet be, if you will let me,

"Your affectionate brother and humble servant,

"HOR. WALPOLE."

All this is full of life, and we have reason to believe that in forthcoming volumes the new letters will be not only far more numerous but even more distinctly illustrative of good points in their writer's character.

ISTHMUS OF SUZ CANAL.—Nothing decisive has yet been done in regard to the projected Suez ship canal. The English government is charged with being hostile to the enterprise from selfish considerations, while Lord Stratford, the English Minister at Constantinople, is said to exert his utmost influence over the Sultan to obstruct and defeat the project. The canal would open an easy and rapid communication between France and British India, and serve to extend French influence over an important part of the world, from which it is now nearly excluded. Should direct colonization extend from Algeria down to Egypt, an event by no means improbable, and should Egypt itself come under direct control, another event not impossible, and very likely not beyond serious contemplation, and then the future battle-fields of France and England might be removed from Europe to India, and the unequalled navy of England be required in the Indian ocean to defend the English possessions in India and Australia, and thus France and the rest of Europe be delivered from the reign of terror created by the presence of such a resistless force. It is now believed by many that the projected Railroad from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates is the veriest sham, got up only to divert capital from the Canal, and thus to defeat it; and that no more will be heard of the Railroad when no more is heard of the Canal. Thus British selfishness plays the intriguer and the hypocrite, accusing the United States when it annexes territory by fair and honorable purchase, and at the same time annexing entire kingdoms to English domain without compensation, without a solid reason, and without a blush; jealously watching every movement in the United States tending to open a free communication by railway or canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and plotting with equal cunning and unscrupulousness to defeat the joining of the Mediterranean and Red Sea for the benefit of the world. — *Letter to Journ. of Com., dated Beirut, 3 Dec.*

GEN. TOTTLEBEN.—A correspondent of the Montreal Gazette gives the following history in

verse of the distinguished Russian engineer officer, Gen. Tottleben:

I ken'd him weel. The chiel was born in *Fife*,
The bairn of Andrew *Drummond* and his wife;
Sae restless, that the neebors ca'd him, when
A bairnie, "toddle-butt and *toddle-ben*;"
Because, instead of biding by his mither,
He roam'd the house, frae ae room to anither.
When he grew up, his uncle (wha was rich,
Frae being gairdner to The Czarovitch),
Got him to Russia, where part of the name,
Jocosely gi'en him when he was at hame,
He took discreetly; so that he was then
Known by na ither name than "*Toddleben*."
Atweel! consider'd gleg beyond his years,
He was pit in their schule of engineers,
Rose to be captain, and, when war brak out,
Obleeg'd to choose 'tween duty and the knout,
He went to the Crimea. There, if ta'en,
By his auld name he might be ken'd again;
Sae, from the woodie to preserve his throttle,
He chang'd the spelling "*Toddle*" into
"*Tottle*."

Thus Scottish Andrew passes, amang men,
For "The great Russian Gen'ral 'Tottleben.'" *GRINCHUCKLE.*

Montreal, December 12, 1856.

THE COUNTRY OF ILL-WILL.—Reminding one, as the name does, of some land in a fairy tale where ogres prowled about on the frontier, and giants sate in the capital, it is, nevertheless, the by-name of a district hard by St. Arnaud, in the north of France. There tenants, when ejected by a landlord, or when they have ended their tenancy on uncomfortable terms, have been in the habit of spoiling the crop to come by vindictively sowing tares and other coarse strangling weeds among the wheat,—from whence has been derived the sinister name in question. This Christian practice, says a report in the *Constitutionnel*, was only made penal a few weeks ago, when it was laid down as the law that any man proved to have tampered with any other man's harvest was to be dealt with as a criminal. — *Athenæum.*

From The Athenæum.

Monarchs retired from Business. By Dr. Doran. 2 vols. Bentley.

HAPPY as a king! Among popular delusions, which so common as the delusion respecting the happiness of kings and queens? Once upon a time, to be as drunk as a lord expressed the popular notion of human felicity; but, since uncrowned kings have become common as blackberries, and attempts at assassination have ceased to be a nine days' wonder, street boys and girls, of all ages, have adopted the more violent and ridiculous sentiment. Readers of a higher grade—accustomed to hear of dynasties going the round of Europe hat in hand—have, perhaps, learnt to estimate regal station at a more moderate figure. If they have not, we advise them forthwith to read and learn. Who would care to say with the Roman, *Crown me to-day—kill me to-morrow*? Who would care to be a ruler whose love for his people was tempered by the daily fear of a stiletto or a pistol? Who would care to live, or have his son live, the life of a Pretender—that insufferable exile, which has no country and no career?

On some such text as this Dr. Doran sat down to preach a long, eccentric, humorous discourse; and he achieved his task in his peculiar manner,—the substance of his sermon being eminently sound and respectable. But, as usual with this lively writer, the decorations and additions form the real charm of his talk. As with poets who write poetry—and not poems—the manner is more attractive than the matter. In the one case we read for the metaphors, the turns of thought, the flowers of language; in the other, for the whim, the anecdote, the repartee. Dr. Doran has now conquered his place in literature and marked the boundaries of his empire. He is the King Gossip of Letters; and he rules, with pleasant and hearty waggery, over the world of Anecdote. Sterne is not more whimsical, Scaliger not more rich, Diderot not more widely read. He has picked up more trifles than Autolyceus. His wallet would supply a host of writers with apt quotations. If Magliabecchi had married Mrs. Nickleby, Dr. Doran would have been their offspring.

But why keep the reader waiting for the literary pleasantries set before them in "*Monarchs retired from business*"? We

commence with an account of the way in which kings came to wear crowns.—

"Nimrod was abroad one day in the fields, following his vocation of the chase. Happening to look up, he beheld in the heavens a figure which resembled that subsequently so familiar to man—the figure of a crown. The mighty hunter summoned to his side the most skilful craftsman in gold, who resided in the vicinity, and pointing out to him the still glittering shape in the sky, asked if he could fashion a headpiece like that visibly intended for Nimrod by Heaven, whence the pattern had expressly come. The artist answered confidently in the affirmative, sketched the model, and, in a short time, produced a radiant crown, which the King forever wore, and at which his subjects could seldom look without peril of being blinded by its dazzling glory. This is, perhaps, the first suggestion on record of the right divine of monarchs; and it is not impossible that from Nimrod is derived the grand syllable here discussed. That potentate was styled the mighty hunter; and *Kenaz*, which implies '*hunting*,' is thus supposed to typify that regal government to which people of old were subjected by their rulers."

This crown—of which Dr. Doran really ought to have given us the benefit of an engraving—was, we assume, extremely primitive in shape. The progress of the crown from being a mere circlet of gold to its present form may be told in a few words:

"There is no mention in Scripture of a royal crown, as a kingly possession, till the time when the Amalekites are described as bringing Saul's crown to David. The first Roman who wore a crown was Tarquin, B.C. 616. It was at first a mere fillet, then a garland, subsequently stuffs adorned with pearls. Alfred is said to have been the first English king who wore this symbol of authority, A.D. 872. Athelstan (A.D. 929) wore a modern earl's coronet. In 1053, Pope Damasius II. introduced the Papal cap. Thirteen years later, William the Conqueror added a coronet with points to his ducal cap. The Papal cap was not encircled with a crown till the era of John XIX. (1276). Nineteen years afterwards Boniface VIII. added a second crown. Benedict XII. completed the tiara, or triple crown, about the year 1334. In 1386, Richard II. pawned his crown and regalia to the City of London for £2,000. The crosses on the crown of England were introduced by Richard III., 1483. The arches date from Henry VII. (1485). The sceptre has undergone as many changes as the crown. Originally it was a

staff, intended for the support of the monarch; they who shortened it sometimes turned it into a club, to lay prostrate their people."

From a page of gossip on the royal—and editorial—style, we extract the following:

"With respect to the style and title of Kings, it may be here stated that the royal 'We' represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect, in the august power of the Sovereign. 'Le Roi le veut'—the King will have it so—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: 'For such is our good pleasure.' The royal subscription in Spain, 'Yo, el Re, I, the King, has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the Kings of France, that is, by the married Kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a Council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, His Majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, 'Having previously consulted on this matter with the Queen,' etc. It is very probable, almost certain, that the King had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had* seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandes and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the Kings of France. 'According to my thinking,' says the garrulous old Abbé de Villeloin, 'this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time.' It may here be added, with respect to English Kings, that the first 'King's speech' ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal 'We'; it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English King who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. 'Grace' and 'my Liege' were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. 'Excellent Grace' was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV. was 'Most High and Mighty Prince.' Henry VII. was the first English 'Highness.' Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of 'Majesty'; and James I. prefixed to the last title 'Sacred and Most Excellent.'"

We are tempted—Mrs. Nickleby-wise—to pass from this historical illustration to a pretty story of a king,—the authority for which, we dare say, is that unfound volume of "Mémoires Historiques" on which "St. Leon," "Zanoni," and many other veracious histories are based.—

"There is a story told of an anonymous King, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority. The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in counsel as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, 'he could.'—'I will be brief as my breath,' answered the abdicating monarch, 'and that is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfuls, and good luck is only distilled in drops.'—The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead. The new King commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell: a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied. 'I will ring it,' said he, 'whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears.'—For a whole month the bell was silent. 'I have had my hand on the rope,' said the King, 'fifty times, but I felt that I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and to-morrow—' On the morrow, as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his Ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private dispatches to a neighboring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return. The King sighed, 'We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow.'—In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart. 'There,' he remarked to himself, as he went along in that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the first two syllables of that city's name,—there I have never found disappointment.' What he *did* find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between *him* and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted

the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again, 'Would to heaven that they were both hanging from it together!'—On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case. 'I have been unreasonable,' he said; 'why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet,' added he, advancing to the window,—*—nay, I am!*—and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the very point of ringing at it with goodwill, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause. A messenger was at his feet. 'O, Sire!' exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, 'thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!'—'Now, a curse upon kingship, that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!' cried the King who wanted to be happy. The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people. 'By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany,' cried the Prince, 'thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe? and who commands them?' The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his dispatches been betrayed to the invader; and that the van of the army was under the command of a prince, whose name was no sooner uttered to the King than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed, '*He!*—then I shall ring the bell yet. I will have his life, and the lady—' He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile vanguard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, weariness upon his brow, but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew gray and infirm, never turning from his work till the inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away. He was sitting upright in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew

dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without, a sound of wailing. 'What voices are those?' asked he softly: 'what is there yet for me to do?' His Chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on a couch, and whispered, 'Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold, in tears.'—'Let them in! let them come in!' hoarsely cried the King. 'God! do they really love me?'—'If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood.' The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old King, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands towards them, and asked, 'Have I won your love, children? have I won your love?' One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow on the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died, with a smile on his lips, as he rang his own knell."

Dr. Doran tells the story of all the memorable personages who have retired from the business of governing, from Hoshea down to Louis Philippe and Ludwig of Bavaria.

We do not wish to forestall the reader's interest in the two pleasant volumes by long citations; but we will draw one extract from the first volume on Richard Cromwell in private life, as an example of Dr. Doran's mode of handing his puppets.—

"He had no faith in his cause, nor confidence in himself, nor reliance on those around him; and his unceremonious ejection from power was a natural consequence where such premises existed. If they who ejected him had paid his father's debts as well as his own, they would have made him a richer, but not a much happier man. They would have added some dignity to his retirement, but, as it was, he had enough for enjoyment—such enjoyment as he could find in the pursuits he most cared for—those of a country gentleman and boon companion. These pursuits, however, were not always practicable. From May, 1559, to the middle of 1660 he lived at Hursley, in some fear of creditors, whom even now he could not satisfy, and in some doubt as to what his fortune might be if Charles II. were recalled; he then retired to Paris, where he lived in obscurity, and under the fictitious name of Wallis. Twice he visited Geneva; and on one of these occasions he was spoken of, to

his face, by the Prince de Conti, who received him under his assumed name, as 'coxcomb,' 'rascal,' 'coward,' 'base fellow,' 'fool,' and 'sot.' About twenty years after 'Mr. Wallis' first buried himself in obscure lodgings in Paris, a Mr. Richard Clarke settled at Cheshunt. It was by this name that Richard Cromwell, no longer in fear of creditors, chose to be known. He was a hearty church and conventicle-going, hunting, joyous gentleman; loving good wine a little, and fair ladies more. He was choice in the selection of his company, seldom referred to his past greatness, and was never sarcastic, save when he alluded to the addresses of the people of England, who, on his being proclaimed Protector, laid their lives and fortunes at his feet. There was a touch of King Lear in the old man's destiny, after all. His daughters opposed his having life-possession of an estate left him by his son, on account of mental debility. Queen Anne was then reigning, and old Mr. Clarke came up to town, appeared personally in Court, where his suit was carried on, and was not only courteously treated by the Judge, but was requested by him to remain covered during the proceedings. It was at this period that he strolled into the House of Lords. A stranger present asked the country gentleman if he had ever been in the place before; a small remnant of venial pride prompted the answer, as he pointed to the throne, 'Never since I sat in that chair.' He won his suit, was reconciled to his daughters, and in 1712, being then in his eighty-sixth year, he died at Cheshunt, in the house of Sergeant Pengelly, who was said to be his son, and who became a Chief Baron of the Exchequer. His enemies ridiculed him under the names of 'Tumble-down-Dick' and 'Queen Richard'; but

even *they* could not deny that he was an honest man than he for whom Richard was compelled to make room."

This little anecdote may come in without apology.—

"St. Chrysostom says, that even good kings are not exempt from a feeling which the Saint himself appears to consider rather natural than otherwise. He adds, that the very best of them like to be aided, but not to be excelled. We have an example of this in the Czar Nicholas and General Mouravieff. At a sham fight the Czar and the General commanded opposite divisions of the Russian army; the Autocrat bade the commander look to himself, for he would assail him vigorously; Mouravieff let him come on, fled, and caused the Czar to be delighted with the prospect of gaining a victory in the eyes of his holiday people; but Mouravieff so skilfully manœuvred that, by a well-timed charge, he enveloped the Czar and Imperial staff, and took them prisoners. Nicholas kept him at a distance for years, and hated him forever."

It is perhaps needless to add, that we do not treat this book very seriously, or receive it as gospel,—though we praise it, warmly. Mr. Shandy has rights which we should refuse to Mr. Hallam. Gravity has a law of its own, not always applicable to mirth; and if it were possible to avoid laughing heartily with Dr. Doran, we should probably turn round and lecture him on the score of opinions and estimates which we for ourselves absolutely reject. But how be angry with a good fellow who never opens his mouth except to make you merry?

THE HAIR SNAKE.—The New England Farmer, dwelling upon this singular species of "animated nature," says:

"Science has not satisfactorily determined either the origin or the modes of existence of these animals. In reply to inquiries by a correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, who found hair snakes in a pan of milk, Mr. Justus Gage, of that State, furnishes a very interesting account of his experiments and observations. He is satisfied of the fact that both the large and small crickets deposit these snakes in water during the month of August; but whether the cricket resorts to water to rid itself of a parasite, or to deposit a natural product of its body, he is unable to determine. Mr. Gage says that one morning, after he had been experimenting in his room by throwing crickets into water to obtain snakes, and had succeeded in procuring two of about four inches in length, he noticed a black

cricket crawling up the side of his water-pail. It jumped into the water, lay quiet for a moment, produced a snake nearly seven inches in length, and then nimbly made its escape over the edge of the pail. He also found a live hair snake, nearly seven inches in length, coiled up in the abdomen of a dead cricket that lay on its back under a flat stone. The hair snake, he says, will live a long time in moist earth, where he has found them of a grayish color, sometimes of great length, and much resembling the fibrous root of some vegetable. When seen through a magnifying glass the hair snake presents an almost exact resemblance to the lamprey eel. A lady of our acquaintance found a hair snake in her tea-kettle one morning, a few years since. It had been standing where a cricket might have crawled in by the spout; but she is hardly willing to give up the theory of her girlhood, that it was a vivified horse-hair."

From Chambers' Journal.

LAY-MONKS.

AMONG the favorite standard creations which the British public delights in having periodically served up for its delectation, must be reckoned the original old-established monk. This traditional personage, the *type moine*, as the French would say, may be said to flourish still, a thriving evergreen; and his appearance on the stage or in the novel scarcely ever fails to call forth the enthusiasm of every British heart. When Father Francis or Father Philip comes on the scene, bearing all his traditional marks and tokens about him, it is pleasant to see how he is at once recognized and greeted as an old acquaintance. The good man's shining poll, his person singularly developed about the epigastric region, his gait, which is slightly unsteady; in short, all the points belonging to the tradition are welcomed by the spectators as things familiar to them and their sires for generations back. We might almost fancy the holy men were to be seen every day in our streets, or were part of the "institutions" of the country.

At the end of last century, the stage swarmed with monks, the horizon was clouded with cowls and sad-colored frocks—Sheridan and other ingenious mechanists supplying the article as wanted. The former fashioned a famous friar; to be found in the *Duenna*; and even through the sulphur and blue fire of the *Castle Spectre*, we catch a glimpse of a portly figure, who is facetiously accused of bearing about with him a "tremendous tomb of fish, flesh, and fowl."

Whence, then, this intimate knowledge of monk-physiology, this deep insight into monachologia? Has the tradition of Robin Hood's merry friar, or of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst, been so affectionately preserved that we have come to know their ways and habits, as it were, by heart? Perhaps it is that the Briton respects and appreciates such sleek evidence of good cheer, although impregnated with the papistical leaven. And this mention of good cheer brings us to another scene, where cowl and frock enjoy high popularity. Those who have assisted at symposia fast and furious where convivial chanting has been in vogue, may perhaps recollect some ancient of the party beginning to quaver about the sanctity and other perfections of a certain "Ho-ho-

ho-ly Friar!" Alack! that lay extends unto many verses, and convivial generosity delights in full measure. "Chorus, if you please, gentlemen," sings our ancient: instant signal for roar of voices in divers vinous keys, all asseverating that the late reverend was "*such a Ho-ho-ho-ly Friar!*" If another elder favor, as it is called, the company with a song, he will most likely select *The Friar of Orders Gray* or *The Monks of Old*; but there is an antique simplicity about the first-named chorus which insures for it a more enduring popularity.

With this strong faith in cloistral joviality, it is not surprising that certain merry spirits should have conceived the idea of assuming for the nonce the likeness of these monks of old, hoping that by this means the ancient monastic spirit would be revived in them once more. In the teeth of the well-established maxim, that the cowl maketh not the monk, they fancied that by adopting the garb, their revels would acquire that traditional flavor which was supposed to be found in perfection at the monkish board. Accordingly, we find divers of these pseudomonastic establishments flourishing at different periods during the last century; wherein, it must be confessed, the rule of St. Dominic or St. Benedict had but little part; and to the more important of these we now purpose inviting the reader's attention; and first for Medmenham Abbey and the order of "Franciscans."

The distinction of being the most notorious man of pleasure of his day belongs without dispute to Sir Francis Dashwood, Baronet. About the middle of last century, he first began his eccentric career, and, like a noble marquis of our own time, continued for many years to trouble the repose of the good lieges of the city. But soon the pleasing excitement of beating watchmen and abducting actresses began to pall upon him—even street-encounters were found to have lost their charm—and he began to cast about for some new and untried sphere of action. Accordingly, Jack Wilkes and some other famous "bloods" were called into council; and it was agreed that, under existing circumstances, the only course open was to found an order of a penitential character, the members whereof should bear the name of Franciscans, after their noble founder.

An ancient mansion, beautifully situated

on the banks of the Thames, was chosen as the residence of the new institute. Surrounded with hanging woods and moss-grown slopes, far away from the busy hum of men, it was in every way suited for the enjoyment of a calm and tranquil solitude. In days of old it had belonged to the Cistercian monks; but the holy walls were now destined to witness very different scenes. In the following summer, the prior, Sir Francis, with the rest of the brethren, including Mr. John Wilkes, Mr. Paul Whitehead, Sir Thomas Stapleton, and others remarkable for devotion and piety, repaired to the convent, and the "exercises," or rather the reign of riot, forthwith commenced. Every succeeding summer the same scenes were repeated; and Medmenham Abbey and its inmates became the wonder and the scandal of the country.

In *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*, a now obsolete novel, written by an Irishman of that day, may be found a detailed account of the abbey and its inhabitants. At the secret rites of the chapter-room, none save the twelve brethren were permitted to be present. With such arcana we have no concern; but without coveting so edifying a prospect, there was enough left to puzzle and amuse the inquiring visitor.

Over the principal entrance was to be seen the famous Rabelaisian maxim: "Fay ce que vouldras"—an encouraging precept, religiously observed. A little further on, another comforting motto met the eye: "Aude, hospes, contemnere opes." In the room where the brethren took their meals was a statue of Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence, together with another of the female goddess of the same virtue. Thus was conveyed a hint to both sexes. There were beautiful gardens, laid out with consummate taste, ornamented with statues and fountains; there were fragrant groves, "cool grot, and mossy cells;" while classical inscriptions, in harmony with the scene, met the eye at every turn.

With such attractions, it was no wonder that conventual life was found agreeable. Accordingly, for many summers did holy Abbot Francis and his twelve merry monks repair regularly to the favored spot. But there was a change impending. To the astonishment of everybody, and most likely to his own, Sir Francis Dashwood, the baronet, found himself on a sudden transformed into a

Chancellor of the Exchequer, and into a peer of the realm by the style and title of Lord le Despencer. Stranger still, he was discovered to have actually built a church near his house! Jack Wilkes, too, had got deep into his *North Briton* troubles, and was battling hard with government and the Commons. Lord Sandwich, whose morals were about on a par with those of the late prior, affected to have been shocked with some of Mr. Wilkes' verses, and had thought it his duty, as First Lord of the Admiralty, to bring their author to justice. These were so many interruptions to the calm tranquillity of the abbey. Poor Brother Whitehead, better known by the soubriquet of "Paul the Aged," succumbed at last to the weight of years, and was laid in Sir Francis' garden with strange pomp and fantastic ceremonies. A funeral urn was set up over him by his sorrowing patron. In this way the members dropped off, and the meetings came gradually to be given up.

The year 1809 witnessed the establishment of a new order at Newstead Abbey, under the auspices of the youthful Lord Byron. This was not quite so systematic or so earnest an effort as that of the Medmenham ascetics. The noble prior was then scarcely twenty-one, an age scarcely suited to so important a charge; but he had an admirable coadjutor in Charles Skinner Mathews, the very beau-ideal of good fellowship, who discharged his duties to perfection. He, too, like "aged Paul," was soon swept away. It was impossible to look at the scanty memorials left to us of his wit and genius, and not feel convinced that he would have turned out a brilliant spirit of the Sheridan order.

The "exercises" and general distribution of the day may be best described in his own words: "For breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience—everything remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, he would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always—even when an invalid—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast-party broke up. Then, for the amusement

of the morning, there were reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock, in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking, riding, cricket, sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived."

This irregular existence Lord Byron seems to have enjoyed amazingly, and in his letters dwells with pleasure on the time when they all used "to sit up late in our friary, drinking claret, champagne, and what not out of the *skull-cup* and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house in our conventual garments." These "conventual garments" were strictly canonical in shape and hue, though procured through the unsanctified medium of a masquerade warehouse, and consisted of a black frock with a cowl of the same color. In this sombre garb would the brethren assemble in chapter, when the grim skull-cup in its silver mountings would be filled with choice Burgundy, and sent on its rounds. At the same solemn moment, would voices be uplifted, and the mystic skull-song chanted:

"Start not, nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull
From which—unlike a living head—
Whatever flows is never dull."

The ghostly monk who was supposed to flit about the ruined galleries of the old abbey, might be supposed to stay awhile his midnight wanderings, and frown angrily on this mockery of his ancient functions.

For another illustration of this eccentric taste for playing at monks, we must cross over into the sister-island, and go back to the close of last century, and the last days of the Irish Parliament. At that most brilliant period of Irish history, more wit and talent were gathered together in the metropolis than it will ever be the fortune of that coun-

try to look upon again. Strange to say, this brilliant aggregate, we suppose by way of concentrating its spirit, fell into *conventual* shape; and thus was founded the order of the Monks of St. Patrick, better known as the Monks of the Screw. It would be an idle task to enumerate here all that composed that choice company; it will be enough if we mention that in its ranks were to be found the honored names of Grattan, Curran, Barry the painter, Hussey Burgh, Ponsonby, Corry, and Father O'Leary; of Lords Avonmore, Arran, Carhampton, Charlemont, Kingsborough, Mornington, Townshend, and Kilwarden. Nearly every one of its members attained to eminence in their respective professions, the brethren furnishing chief-justices, chancellors of the exchequer, judges, and sergeants for many years to come. It will be seen, from the character of the members, that their meetings were of a very different description from the wild orgies of similar institutions on the other side of the water.

Every Saturday evening the community assembled in chapter in Lord Tracton's House, arrayed in the canonical costume of a black tabinet frock and cowl, with a cork-screw hanging from the waist by way of rosary. The chair was usually filled by the prior, the facetious Mr. Curran, who in that capacity, as may be imagined, was all that could be wished; Judge Johnson did duty as sacristan; and Mr. Doyle, a master in Chancery, officiated as abbot. Those chapter-nights were often looked back to in after years with fond and vain regrets; and no wonder, for they were true feasts of reason, unalloyed with any feeling that might hereafter come back on them attended with shame or regret.

Such were these three notable societies, illustrating, we think, very curiously the strange chapter of human eccentricities.

POPULAR QUOTATION.—Will you notice, and by noticing correct, that which I think I may call the commonest misquotation in our language? I refer to the last line of the most lovely and touching *Lycidas*, and though I have seen the line cited hundreds of times, it has always been—

"To-morrow to fresh *fields* and pastures new."

The real line is—

"To-morrow to fresh *woods* and pastures new."

In a letter to the *Times* of this day on "Convicts and Colonies," Mr. William Howitt falls into the old blunder. It does appear to me strange that folks do not see at a glance the tautology of the error as compared with the variety of the real verse. Put them only side by side, and the world of parrots will be set right.

THOMAS BROOKSBANK.

Dec. 20, 1856.

From The Spectator.

BOSWELL'S LETTERS TO TEMPLE.*

THE discovery of these lifelong letters of James Boswell to his very intimate friend the Reverend J. W. Temple, is one of the strangest stories ever yet prefixed either to the real or the fictitious.

"A few years ago, a clergyman having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection, a date and some names were discovered; and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence, carried on nearly a century before, between the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his early friend the Reverend William Johnson Temple. On making inquiry, it was ascertained that this piece of paper had been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker, who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper. Beyond this no further information could be obtained. The whole contents of the parcel were immediately secured. The majority of the letters bear the London and Devon post-marks, and are franked by well-known names of that period."

An equal mystery attaches to the editor, whose name if published might be a voucher. Nor does there seem any reason for *his* suppression. A better-edited book is rarely met with. Indeed, this volume is less the Letters than the Life of Boswell. By an arrangement of the chapters into periods, introducing the letters, and slightly filling up the intervals of time between, a very good biography is produced—as good, in fact, as could be produced unless by an intimate of the man.

Neither is there any conceivable motive for imposition: but in reality, imitation of Bozzy is impossible—"none but himself can be his parallel." If we strip Macaulay's hyperbolic "character" of Boswell of all that is Macaulayish, it will still remain a monstrous exaggeration. A man could neither have formed nor retained the acquaintance, if not the friends, that Boswell did, who had been so utterly mean and contemptible as the essayist paints him. Nor could a man

who had been so ineffably foolish have written the biography he did, especially as it was done upon a principle which he thus lays down in a letter to his friend Temple.

"Mason's Life of Gray is excellent, because it is interspersed with letters which show us the *man*. His Life of Whitehead is not a life at all, for there is neither a letter nor a saying from first to last. I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a *history* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a life than any work that has ever yet appeared."

Within certain limits, Boswell's judgment was sound enough; his style was clear and vivid; nor did he want a something approaching to pathos. He contrived to mar the effect of these qualities by the same want of reticence that exposed him to unbounded ridicule for social follies, and to censure for his immorality. Thus, when life was waning, and his mind was depressed by the death of his wife, the failure of his hopes, and more than all by the constitutional result of his excesses in wine and women, he writes thus gloomily to Temple.

"Your kindness to me fairly makes me shed tears. Alas! I fear that my constitutional melancholy, which returns in such dismal fits, and is now aggravated by the loss of my valuable wife, must prevent me from any permanent felicity in this life. I snatch gratifications, but have no comfort, at least very little; yet your encouraging letters make me think at times that I may yet, by God's blessing, attain to a portion of happiness, such as philosophy and religion concur in assuring us that this state of progressive being allows. I get bad rest in the night, and then I brood over all my complaints,—the sickly mind, which I have had from my early years; the disappointment of my hopes of success in life; the irrevocable separation between me and that excellent woman, who was my cousin, my friend, and my wife; the embarrassment of my affairs; the disadvantage to my children in having so wretched a father; nay, the want of absolute certainty of being happy after death, the *sure prospect* of which is frightful. No more of this!"

"Wednesday, 6th April.

"Thus far I wrote on Saturday; when, feeling myself unhappy and restless, I sallied out with intention to go to the play."

* Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Reverend J. W. Temple. Now first published from the Original MSS. With an Introduction and Notes. Published by Bentley.

Here is bathos with a vengeance. Many men have had recourse to worse excitements than the theatres as then exhibited, when depressed by gloom or affliction; but few would bring Heraclitan philosophy and the playhouse into such close conjunction. None but Bozzy would couple even the theatre of Garrick with meditations on death and futurity. In addition to want of reticence, some charitable allowance should be made for the frailty not only of his age, but of the human race. Allowances have to be made for the weaknesses or faults of the most intimate friends. Nay, in the dearest connections, perhaps worse than such things have to be overlooked or pardoned. Family affection and friendship may suppress them. But when the fair-minded biographer discovers them, it is one of the hardest tasks to exhibit them in their due proportion, as blemishes, not as features. Boswell might make this allowance for a friend, but not for himself. No mortal ever so completely exhibited his mind "in puris naturalibus"—and a mind sui generis in its inordinate vanity, its buoyant self-sufficiency, its pious theories, and its wish to find philosophical reasons for the violation of the moral laws which the man was continually indulging in.

His leading follies as shown in conduct or behavior have been condensed by Macaulay into a vigorous paragraph, and others are preserved in print. The letters in the work before us deal with mind and character; although many refer to doings—and some very *naughty* doings the recorder infuses himself into his report: a large part of them consist of sentiments, projects, aspirations, feelings, and the like. Beyond their exhibition of character, the personal part of the letters have not much value; but we think they bring out a quality of Boswell which was highly useful to him in Johnson's biography. He seems to have had, within the range of his mind, a strong possession of the present, whether in life or in idea, and a vivid sense of the actual. Whatever the value of his conceptions may be, they are clearly and characteristically expressed; whatever the real importance of the passing event, he threw himself wholly into it. Nor must his sustained industry be omitted. Many men perhaps could write as good a life of as good a talker if they could go through the same drudgery. Strip Boswell's

Johnson of what is rather reminiscences than biography, and you have an average "life."

Perhaps it was this vivid sense of the present that was a main cause of his follies and vices. He could not resist the pleasure before him. There is no doubt that his religious feelings, though utterly ridiculous when contrasted with his conduct, or with reason (we speak of his undisguised bigotry towards other persuasions), were sincere so far as they went.

Mr. Temple, to whom these letters were addressed, was a clergyman of the Church of England, who ultimately obtained a living in Cornwall, where he settled his family. If his character is known at all, it is known for his character of Gray, quoted by Mason, and afterwards by Johnson in the *Lives of the Poets*. He published some works, but the editor of this volume cannot find one even at the British Museum. If the reader of these letters judges of what is suppressed by what is printed, he will be apt to consider the Reverend Mr. Temple a rather loose fish for a divine. But much allowance should be made for the age—look to the periodicals, or to the broader dramatic pieces of the day. The "parson" of a century ago was not the pattern man of our time. Mr. Temple, moreover, appears to have been a certain kind of spiritual director to Bozzy. The moral diseases were exposed for treatment, though the prescriptions were not attended to.

The letters extend, with frequent intervals, over the whole of what is really life. They begin in 1758, when Boswell was eighteen, and continue till he could write no longer. Of course the predominant subject is Bozzy himself: his amours and his various matrimonial projects occupy a large portion of the whole; then his worldly schemes, his quarrels with his father, his repentances and resolutions to amend, and his meditations upon this world and the next. Of the worse part of Boswell's life, his first appearance in London touches the key-note of the whole. Here is his own account of himself at twenty-one, apparently written in reply to some admonition.

"Indeed, my dear Temple, you wrong me: you are, and ever shall be, dear to Boswell, who reckons himself highly honored by an intimacy with Mr. Temple, and, while he

comforts himself with that, can calmly smile at the attacks of envy or of malevolence. I find that you have had a very disagreeable account of my conduct for some time by post. I flatter myself that the apologetic epistle, which I wrote you lately, may have put matters in a more favorable light. I grant you that my behavior has not been entirely as it ought to be. A young fellow whose happiness was always centred in London, who had at last got there, and had begun to taste its delights, who had got his mind filled with the most gay ideas, getting into the Guards, being about Court, enjoying the happiness of the beau monde and the company of men of genius, in short, every thing that he could wish,—consider this poor fellow hauled away to the town of Edinburgh, obliged to conform to every Scotch custom or be laughed at, 'Will you hae some jeel? O fie! O fie!' his flighty imagination quite cramped, and he obliged to study *Corpus Juris Civilis*, and live in his father's strict family,—is there any wonder, sir, that the unlucky dog should be somewhat fretful? Yoke a Newmarket courser to a dung-cart, and I'll lay my life on't he'll either caper and kick most confoundedly, or be as stupid and restive as an old, battered post-horse. Not one in a hundred can understand this: you do.

"Your insinuation about my being indelicate in the choice of my female friends, I must own, surprises me a good deal. Pray what is the meaning of it? . . . If there is any thing more serious crouched under your admonition, please to inform me: I will surely clear it up."

There is a rather long-continued story of Bozzy's amour with a married woman at Edinburgh; which might seem to be the source of some of his conversations with Dr. Johnson, one of which the Doctor closed with the remark, "*This lady of yours, sir, seems very well fitted for a brothel.*" There are indications of some similar affairs, and a full account of several matrimonial adventures, which, if pursued in a more decorous way, are animated by a similar spirit. In sooth the repetition gets somewhat tiresome, though it is perhaps better that the volume should stand as it does. There are other topics than himself, though he is conspicuous as the writer; notices of passing occurrences, and of characters more or less celebrated. Here is David Hume at Edin-

burgh in the summer of 1775, limned as nicely as any thing in the Life.

"Since I came down I have seen Mr. David Hume several times. I know you love to hear little anecdotes of him, so I shall endeavor to cull as many as I can. I first saw him one forenoon that I called on him: he had Macpherson's History before him, and he said it was the worst style he had ever read, and that Macpherson had written his two volumes in quarto in six weeks; he said he himself did not like to continue the History of England further down, because we have not yet had access to papers sufficient to let us know, with authenticity, the state of affairs; and it was disagreeable to write history which afterwards might be proved not to be true. He spoke highly of the '*Histoire Philosophique et Politique*,' and I wondered to find him excuse very easily the author of that book for translating long passages from English authors without quoting them, but just ingrafting the passages into his text; he said there are about fifteen pages translated from his History; but he complained of one mistake. He has mentioned that the clergy carried their claim of tithes to so strange an excess that they insisted to have a tenth of the gain of courtesans; the Frenchman, mistaking courtesans for *courtisans* (courtiers) in his own language, makes the tenth to be of the gains '*de ceux qui avient des emplois à la Cour.*' This, said David very justly, takes the salt from the observation. He says Abbé Raynal cannot have written that book himself; the eloquence must have been borrowed: he is, said he, a dull man in conversation; that, however, is not a certain rule for judging that a man cannot write well; but he has written ill; his '*Histoire du Parlement d'Angleterre*' is very ill written. He says, when he was at Paris, Abbé Raynal was making collections for a work on America, and he supposed the materials to have been supplied by him.

"On Wednesday last I dined at Sir Alexander Dick's; where we had the Wyvill family, a M. de Septchènes, a very young Parisian, introduced to me in London by Mr. Burke, and who brought letters to me and some others here from Sir John Pringle, and was also recommended by M. Buffon. Mr. Hume was there too. Wyvill was glad to meet with him, as he had never seen him before. He said Mr. Pitt [Chatham] was an instance that in this country eloquence alone, without any others talents or fortune, will raise a man to the highest office. On Thursday I supped at Mr. Hume's; where

* "The writer here enters upon detailed but not very satisfactory extenuations of his conduct; into which it is not at all desirable to follow him."

we had the young Parisian, Lord Kames, and Dr. Robertson; an elegant supper—three sorts of ice-creams. What think you of the Northern Epicurus style? I can recollect no conversation. Our writers here are really not prompt on all occasions, as those of London.

"On Saturday, the Parisian and Mr. Hume and some gentlemen supped with me. No fruit that night either. But the word fruit makes me recollect that Hume said Burke's speech on Reconciliation with the Colonies, which I lent to him, had a great deal of flower, a great deal of leaf, and a little fruit.

"Yesterday I met Mr. Hume at Lord Kames', in the forenoon. He said it was all over in America; we *could* not subdue the colonists, and another gun could not be fired, were it not for decency's sake; he meant in order to keep up an appearance of power. But I think the lives of our fellow subjects should not be thrown away for such *decency*. He said we may do very well without America; and he was for withdrawing our troops altogether and letting the Canadians fall upon our colonists. I do not think he makes our *right* to tax at all clear. He says there will in all probability be a change of the Ministry soon; which he regrets. O, Temple, while they change so often, how does one feel an ambition to have a share in the great department! but I fear my wish to be a man of consequence in the State is much like some of your ambitious sallies.

"Mr. Hume and Lord Kames joined in attacking Dr. Johnson to an absurd pitch. Mr. Hume said he would give me half-a-crown for every page of his Dictionary in which he could not find an absurdity, if I would give him half-a-crown for every page in which he did find one: he talked so insolently, really, that I calmly determined to be at him; so I repeated, by way of telling that Dr. Johnson *could* be touched, the admirable passage in your letter, how the Ministry had set him to write in a way that they 'could not ask even their infidel pensioner Hume to write.' Upon honor, I did not give the least hint from whom I had the letter. When Hume asked if it was from an American, I said, No, it was from an English gentleman. 'Would a gentleman write so?' said he. In short, Davy was finely punished for his treatment of my revered friend; and he deserved it richly, both for his petulance to so great a character and for his talking so before me (!)."

The interest attached to Boswell's name arises solely from his *Johnson's Life*, and any particulars respecting it are welcome.

This was the labor of revisal and verification after the work was written.

"My apology for not coming to you, as I fully intended and wished, is really a sufficient one; for the revision of my 'Life of Johnson' by so acute and knowing a critic as Mr. Malone is of the most essential consequence, especially as he is *Johnsonianissimus*; and, as he is to hasten to Ireland as soon as his Shakspeare is fairly published, I must avail myself of him *now*. His hospitality and my other invitations, and particularly my attendance at Lord Lonsdale's, have lost us many evenings: but I reckon that a third of the work is settled, so that I shall get to press very soon. You cannot imagine what labor, what perplexity, what vexation I have endured in arranging a prodigious multiplicity of materials, in supplying omissions, in searching for papers, buried in different masses, and all this besides the exertion of composing and polishing: many a time have I thought of giving it up. However, though I shall be uneasily sensible of its many deficiencies, it will certainly be to the world a very valuable and peculiar volume of biography."

According to Boswell's own account, the latter years of his life were passed in comparative penury. After quitting the Edinburgh and not succeeding at the London bar (which was not, indeed, likely at his time of life), failing to get into Parliament for Scotch county or English borough, and being ill-used, as he thinks, if not deceived, by Dundas and Pitt and other patrons, he was reduced to £350 a year. In those days that sum was probably equivalent to £500 now. Boswell's mode of calculation, if generally adopted, would reduce the income of many family and estates men. The rent of Auchinleck was £1600 a year; "but, deducting annuities, interest of debts, and expenses absolutely necessary at Auchinleck, I have but about £850 to spend. I reckon my five children at £500 a year. You see what I have to spend." His gloomy inward feelings were probably of a less exaggerated kind when they occurred, which perhaps was only on occasions of physical exhaustion. To draw any warning from his life would be useless; James Boswell could not have been other than he was. The moral it illustrates is that of excesses. With stamina for eighty, he died at fifty-five; and from the glimpses in this volume it seems to have been a physically painful deathbed, since for

ought that appears Boszzy's mental confidence did not fail him at the close. In this gloomy scene one thing stands out creditably amid the chances and changes of life—his adherence to the friend of his youth. The last thing he attempted was to write to Temple.

“My dear Temple,—I would fain write to you in my own hand, but really cannot. [These words, which are hardly legible, and probably the last poor Boswell ever wrote, afford the clearest evidence of his utter physical prostration.] Alas, my friend, what a state is this! My son James is to write for me what remains of this letter, and I am to dictate. The pain which continued for so many weeks was very severe indeed, and when it went off I thought myself quite well; but I soon felt a conviction that I was by no means as I should be—so exceedingly weak, as my miserable attempt to write to you afforded a full proof. All then that can be said is, that I must wait with patience.

“But, O my friend, how strange is it that, at this very time of my illness, you and Miss Temple should have been in such a dangerous state. Much occasion for thankfulness is there that it has not been worse with you. Pray write, or make somebody write, frequently. I feel myself a good deal stronger to-day, notwithstanding the scrawl. God bless you, my dear Temple! I ever am your old and affectionate friend, here and I trust hereafter, JAMES BOSWELL.”

“To this letter the following lines from his son James are appended—

“Postscript.

“Dear Sir—You will find by the foregoing, the whole of which was dictated by my

father, that he is ignorant of the dangerous situation in which he was, and, I am sorry to say, still continues to be. Yesterday and to-day he has been somewhat better; and we trust that the nourishment which he is now able to take, and his strong constitution, will support him through.

“I remain, with respect,
JAMES BOSWELL, junior.”

Thus ends “this strange eventful history.”

“London, 19th May, 1795.

“My dear Sir—I have now the painful task of informing you that my dear brother expired this morning at two o'clock: we have both lost a kind, affectionate friend, and I shall never have such another. He has suffered a great deal during his illness, which has lasted five weeks, but not much in his last moments. May God Almighty have mercy upon his soul, and receive him into his heavenly kingdom! He is to be buried at Auchinleck, for which place his sons will set out in two or three days. They and his two eldest daughters have behaved in the most affectionate, exemplary manner, during his confinement. They all desire to be kindly remembered to you and Miss Temple, and beg your sympathy on this melancholy occasion.

“I am, my dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

“T. D. BOSWELL.”

“The remains of Boswell were removed to Auchinleck to be interred. On his coffin-plate was inscribed his name, the date of his death (May 19th, 1795), and his age, fifty-five years.”

A VALUABLE TABLE.—Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor or research is often saved by such a table as the following:

1607—Virginia settled by the English.
1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1624—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1628—Delaware settled by Swedes and Finns.
1633—Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
1635—Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
1636—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1659—North Carolina settled by the English.
1670—South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682—Pennsylvania settled by Wm. Penn.
1732—Georgia settled by Gen. Oglethorpe.
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.

1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union.

1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union.

1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.

1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.

1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.

1817—Mississippi admitted into the Union.

1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.

1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.

1820—Maine admitted into the Union.

1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.

1836—Michigan admitted into the Union.

1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union.

1845—Florida admitted into the Union.

1845—Texas admitted into the Union.

1846—Iowa admitted into the Union.

1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.

1850—California admitted into the Union.

From The Examiner.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE THEATRICALS.

AMATEUR acting is supposed to be judged of with allowances unexpressed but understood, and to be favored with exemption from the high standard of criticism. The performances at Tavistock House not only do not stand in need of this conventional indulgence, but they banish from the mind the very idea of it. The thought never occurs—"This is very well done for persons who are not professional." Indeed, there is no room for any idea of the professional or unprofessional. We think only of what we are seeing and hearing, carried on by the performers in the progress of the interest of the piece. In the technical sense there may be as much business on the stage of Mr. Charles Dickens as on the stage of Mr. Wigan, or any other that may be named, but it passes so smoothly as to escape notice, and all appears to the most finished degree easy and natural. Much study, much training, must have gone to this result, though of them there is not a trace left in the smooth but impressive effect. The fact is, that a great deal of mind has been thrown into these remarkable performances. The author's imagination has been more than seconded by the imagination of the performers filling up and animating his conceptions with the warmth of the nicest and truest feeling. Those who have not seen and judged for themselves may not unreasonably suspect us of exaggerated eulogy, but we protest that we only record impressions common to all, the genuine tokens of which have been the silent tribute of irrepressible tears. And it is to be borne in mind that the Tavistock House audiences are no ordinary audiences—the juries are, as the lawyers would describe it, highly special. They went, it is true, willing and expecting to be pleased, but few, we suspect, were prepared for the pleasure in store for them. We do not like going into details of an excellence essentially the excellence of a whole, or, as the French would phrase it, the perfection of *ensemble*. There is not a part that is not well sustained. But setting aside the acting of Mr. Dickens, which is pre-eminent, we should say that the performance of the ladies was most remarkable, especially in the *Frozen Deep*. Here, again, we refrain from particularizing where all was good, delicate

in sentiment, and natural to a charm. The main element of success lies in the true feeling, the rendering of which is the graceful necessity of the force of the sentiment.

The part of the piece is Mr. Charles Dickens' Richard Wardour, a man of violent passions, who has been supplanted in the affections of the woman to whom he was ardently attached. He discovers his successful rival in a comrade in an arctic expedition. Eager, mad for revenge, he determines to kill him. They go forth together in the rear of a party dispatched in search of succor, Richard Wardour with murder in his thoughts, Frank Aldersley unsuspecting, confiding. Companionship in suffering restores the heart of humanity to Richard Wardour. Instead of being the destroyer of his rival, he becomes his saviour.

But this conversion has passed unseen by the audience, whose last view of Richard Wardour has been grimly going forth into the waste of snow with his bad thoughts and doomed victim. Before he departs Richard loads his gun, and sends home the ramrod on the charge with an emphatic ring sounding of murder.

The next appearance of Richard is in rags and tatters on the coast of Newfoundland, his mind disordered by privations and sufferings. Such an apparition as Mr. Dickens presents here is a marvel of wildness and wretchedness. It seems, as the American would phrase it, that the word tattered had never been realized before. There is no place for another tear or rent. And the man's mind is as broken as his vestments. The object of his disappointed affections appears. The vacancy of the face vanishes, reason flashes back upon it. He rushes out and returns with the rival he is supposed to have slain disabled and helpless in his arms. He has saved him, and dies. It is impossible in words to do justice to the acting of this scene. Few are the dry eyes when it closes, and low and choked the murmurs of an applause coming from the depths of the heart.

The *Frozen Deep*, by Mr. Wilkie Collins, is most ingeniously adapted to its theatre. The story is simple, but full of interest directed to one point. The writing, too, is very good, and besides deep pathos there is some very pleasant humor in the part of John Want, a grumbling sea cook, very cleverly played by Mr. A. Egg.

The theatre is of course small, but it is so well proportioned that after the first look the sense of its size passes away, or it serves to effect by bringing the finer traits of the performance more closely under the eye of the spectator. The scenery is wonderfully good on its tiny scale. After a prologue delivered from behind a curtain in the rich voice and with the fine elocution of Mr. Forster, we find ourselves first in the pretty drawing-room of a country house, having one of those sweet picturesque views so thoroughly English, with a village church and spire in the distance, standing out in relief against the strong red lights of a fine sunset. As the light fades with the advancing evening a gray tone comes over the landscape with the most natural effect. This scene is painted by Mr. Telbin. We are next shivering in a hut in the Arctic regions, all bare, dreary, and grim. As the door opens and admits the cutting blast we see the falling snow and the far-spreading frozen waste. In this scene of desolation there is one warm, vivid color, speaking of home and hope. It is the British ensign, blowing out straight and bold in the icy breeze, as much as to say, "Where am I not? and where I am aloft, who despairs? who has not heart and hope and resolution?"

We are next and last in a cave on the coast of Newfoundland, with a Queen's ship anchored in the offing, about to sail home with the rescued voyagers. These two latter scenes are by the masterly hand of Stanfield. Who else, indeed, could paint such a sea?

The farce is not less successful in its way than the drama. It was our luck to see *Uncle John*, a version of the *ci-devant Jeune homme*. Uncle John, played by Mr. Dickens, is a hale young fellow of seventy, about to marry a girl of seventeen. The getting up of this figure is wonderful. As a matter of antiquarian research, we should like to know where Mr. Dickens got the blue coat and gilt buttons—and such buttons! As they would say in the East, the Great Grandfathers of buttons. The thing is a chronology. The continued roars of laughter were the best attestation of the merit of the acting. Mr. Dickens was excellently seconded by Mr. Mark Lemon in Friend Thomas, who is charged by the testy Uncle John with *always* doing whatever he may chance to do—with always preventing duels and desirable

homicides, and "always dropping the other pistol."

And so closes one of the pleasantest evenings in our long remembrance; and memorable in hundreds of minds, including many of the foremost in every field of distinction, will be these performances at Tavistock House.

We must not conclude without giving the cast of the piece:

<i>Capt. Ebsworth</i> , of the	{	Mr. Edward Pigott.
<i>Sea Mew</i> ,		
<i>Capt. Holding</i> , of the	{	Mr. Alfred Dickens.
<i>Wanderer</i> ,		
<i>Lieut. Crayford</i> ,		Mr. Mark Lemon.
<i>Frank Aldersley</i> ,		Mr. Wilkie Collins.
<i>Richard Wardour</i> ,		Mr. Charles Dickens.
<i>Lieut. Steventon</i> ,		Mr. Young Charles Dickens.
<i>John Want</i> , Ship's Cook,		Mr. Augustus Egg, A. R. A.
<i>Bateson</i> {	{	Mr. Edward Hogarth.
<i>Darker</i> {		Mr. Frederick Evans.
Two of the		
people,		Miss Helen Dickens.
<i>Mrs. Steventon</i> ,		Miss Kate Dickens.
<i>Rose Ebsworth</i> ,		Miss Hogarth.
<i>Lucy Crayford</i> ,		Miss Mary Dickens.
<i>Clara Burnham</i> ,		Mrs. Wills.
<i>Nurse Esther</i> ,		Miss Martha Dickens.
<i>Maid</i> ,		

THE PRUSSIAN MARRIAGE.

ENGLAND, it seems, is about to form a connection with Prussia by marriage. If the union between a Princess of our Royal Family and a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern were simply a matter of personal inclination, it certainly would not be for us to forbid the banns; but the Royal Marriage Act has removed all such unions from the ordinary laws, and the appeal which will be made to the country to provide a dowry for the Princess would seem to give the country some right of advising, if not of veto in withholding consent. Besides, the uses that are made of these unions render it imperatively necessary to consider them with reference to policy. And from antecedent circumstances, which have not been unobserved, it will not be readily assumed by the public that the proposed union was dictated simply by spontaneous affection. It must have been suggested by some supposed advantages in the alliance; and if the alliance is recommended in one aspect by advantages, it may also have its disadvantages.

Let us see, then, with what royal family we are about to be more closely connected. During the last ten years there is no State in Europe which has been more conspicuous for perverse policy and bad faith than Prussia. It has uniformly thwarted the general interest,

even when it proposed originally to engage on the side of that interest. The general combination of the Powers against the encroachment of Russia may be said to have originated in the suggestive proceedings of Prussia; who afterwards, through jealousy of Austria, or family affection, became the colleague of Russia. The King of Prussia had previously encouraged the revolution in Germany, but to betray the revolution. Then, he supported the people of Schleswig-Holstein against their King; now, he is maintaining mere shadowy royal rights of his own against the people of Switzerland. Few men have been more constantly before the public since his accession to the throne than Frederick William, King of Prussia; but we prefer to take his portrait as it is painted this week by the conservative and Ministerial *Morning Post*. Under the pressure of the German Democracy in 1848, says our contemporary, he gave to Prussia a constitution one of the most democratic in Europe; it accorded equality of Prussians before the law with guarantees for freedom—liberty of the press, abolition of feudal tenures, family entails, and privileges of rank, and a wide tax-paying suffrage. But as soon as he saw that he should not gain his object by speculating in revolutionary constitutions, the reform was forgotten. He has been as false to his brother monarchs as to his own subjects. He was willing to become the head of a German Empire from which Austria was to be excluded. He revenged himself on Denmark for not joining the Prussian Zollverein by his attack on Schleswig-Holstein; which was also designed to enhance his own popularity, to increase his power and territory, and to secure him a seaport.

"The same Frederick William who clamors now so lustily for his sacred and divine rights as Prince of Neuchâtel and Valengin, is the selfsame King who, in the streets of Berlin, bellowed forth *Hoch!* for the sacred cause of German nationality. *Hoch!* for a German empire of which he was to be himself the head. *Hoch!* for a German fleet, of which this land-lubber representative of Teuton turgidness was to have the guide, usufruct, and direction; the actual command to be intrusted to a Prussian Admiral,—such a thing being unknown in nature or art, on land or at sea."

But, it may be said, King Frederick William is not the Royal Family of Prussia—he

is an individual, and a singular individual; his brother, the heir-presumptive to the throne, is a much more ordinary man. Indeed we believe so, in the usual acceptation of the term. The latest occasion upon which the Prince of Prussia has been conspicuous was in the military demonstration against Switzerland, and he studiously endeavored to identify himself with a movement adverse alike to justice and to European policy. It may be pleaded that the young Prince his son is unlike young princes in general; that he is a much more meritorious person than his family have generally proved themselves to be. The character is often claimed for young princes, but seldom substantiated by the same persons when they grow to be old kings. We must in the first instance suppose Prince Frederick William to be, in the main, very much like the rest of his family. It is indeed no more than fair to assume that he is a person whose views, habits, opinions, and objects in life, are Prussian, and not English; that he will think it right to promote those principles and rules of conduct which we see embodied in the actual condition of Prussia, political and social,—the very condition which we of England would most especially eschew.

But what is all this to us? Whatever may be the character of the Prussian dynasty, why is it that we should have any necessary connection with it? The reason is, that a certain act of Parliament, passed in the reign of our Queen's grandfather, imposes restrictions on the marriage of the Royal Family, the Sovereign excepted; and in its origin and practice it has created a custom of seeking especially German marriages. The object of the act was to restrain the marriages of branches of the Royal Family with British subjects. It ordains that no member of the Royal Family shall contract a marriage without the consent of the Sovereign. In order to retain chances of succession to the throne, it is necessary that the marriage thus contracted should be with a Protestant family; and in the state of the Continent for some time past, and probably for some time in the future, marriages for our Princes will necessarily be formed principally in Germany. The Protestant States beyond the German limits, being few and comparatively unimportant, have but a small proportion in the distribution of chances. Since the Royal Marriage Bill was introduced to Parliament, and since it

has been passed into an act, we have had some experience of its working; and as there is a prospect of its revived application in the present reign—probably in a rapid succession of instances—it is interesting to inquire how the act has worked. It was enforced by George the Third, but, upon the whole, the matrimonial history of his children is not happy. In one instance there was a marriage which was positively illegal—directly against the statute in that case made and provided—*ab initio* null and void; yet it was viewed with popular liking because it was native, and it was not liked the less because of the leniency which it called for. Not dissimilar arrangements appear to have been confirmed as a usage. The popular Duke having become a widower, he was a second time united to a British subject, and the lady was made a Peeress in her own right by the present Queen. It is generally understood that the statutory prohibition has been enforced in the present reign; and the consequence has not been commendable. George the Third's eldest son had two wives, and undoubtedly the balance of social respect went with the lady who was *not* his "lawful" wife. Although we cannot agree with those who uphold Mrs. Fitzherbert as the model of a princess *de facto*, she would have adorned a drawing-room better than the average of most royal ladies; and if she had been acknowledged as the head of the Prince's household, it is probable that the household of George the Fourth as King would have been more decorous than it was, and a better example of English life. The history of the Royal Marriage Act and its working does not present any other strong facts in its favor.

It would lead into a very extended disquisition if we were to inquire how far the policy from which it grew belongs to the present time. An apprehension of the dangerous political power to be created for individuals in this country by union with the Royal Family, was not unnatural when adventurous men were likely to have more dangerous ambitions, because more dangerous opportunities, than they could find now. In our time, indeed, the greatest danger would probably be that such matrimonial connections might be used as a means of exalting the *wealthiest* individuals, and adding to the power of wealth the power of high influence; for the aristocracy of money is becoming far more powerful

than the aristocracy of birth. If there were any fear lest connection with the Royal Family should procure something like a monopoly of advancement in official rank, it is tolerably certain that any such abuse would in our time call forth more than sufficient public reprobation to counteract it; and on the other hand, a closer connection of the Royal Family with the business relations of English life might help to render it more useful and more decidedly English.

Amid all the discussion to which the Royal Marriage Act has given rise in past times, perhaps one point needed remoteness of view in order to bring out its full force—it is the difficulty of working the act. The necessity of seeking foreign unions is in its very nature attended by this objection, that it introduces alien blood, ideas, objects, and influences, into the highest family of the realm. The compulsion to seek for a Protestant connection debars the matchmakers from making their selection where England might find relations more suited to her interests and sympathies; and the limitation of choice renders it difficult in many cases even to make a suitable selection of persons. Mr. Harris was sent abroad to bring home a wife for George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales; and every one knows the account he has left of that most unfortunate selection. Who might not have foreseen as its consequence the wretched married life which followed?

In marrying into a German family, an English Prince finds, as the Englishman does in Ireland, that he marries all the collateral branches of the family; and in a union with the Prussian house, connected as it is by its own marriages with Russia, Holland, Saxe-Weimar, Bavaria, and the whole network of German intermarriages, the union forms a new tie between England and the immensely ramified royal stocks of Germany. The fruits of such connections are in some instances obvious enough. A portion of the consequences remains always unseen, though not unfelt. How much *management* must be employed in the getting-up of such marriages—in smoothing away impediments, in obviating disagreements! Indeed, it is impossible to say how far English views and interests during the late diplomatic discussions on Europe may not have been moderated or avoided from the apprehension of breaking off a contemplated match. The policy of England must neces-

sarily be to a certain extent rendered subservient to the family policy of the marriage. If such is the case before the wedding, the same tendency must have its influence after the wedding. It is true that the royal class of Europe has shown a great facility in forgetting its family relations when interest or ambition dictated; but in the intermediate stages between critical events, such family connections inevitably *tend* to draw the reigning sovereign of each country into the joint action of the whole class. How far might it not have operated against English interests, opinions, and feelings, if the Queen of Prussia in 1856 had been an Englishwoman, sister of our King? Some inconveniences have arisen from the introduction of German ideas into the Royal household, but *they* are paltry trifles in comparison with the grave objections against drawing England more completely into the network of German politics on the Continent. It might be assumed that when Queen Victoria gave her daughter away in marriage, we should take our leave of the Princess, and the connection with Prussia would go no further. Experience, however, has not confirmed this supposition. On the contrary, remote as the contingency might seem, marriages of this kind have resulted in bringing back a foreign succession for the English throne. Our James the First might

equally think that he was bidding farewell to his daughter Elizabeth, little anticipating that some day the Electress Palatine would return, in a descendant, as King of Great Britain and Ireland. Thus it is not impossible that a consequence of the marriage projected for the English Princess Royal might be to introduce into our constitutional history a King of Prussia "by divine right." And whatever disadvantages may attach to the marriage now contemplated, it does not stand alone. The Princess Victoria has already three sisters and four brothers; all of whom, we presume, according to the present practice, must ultimately seek husbands and wives in Germany.

The marriage arrangement now in question has perhaps gone too far to be annulled; but it does not follow that the appeal to Parliament needs be necessarily an empty form. On these occasions there are dowries to be provided; and since there will be an application to the House of Commons for the means, practically Parliament is called upon for its consent. The considerations at which we have glanced might well weigh in the debates on the subject. If the proposed marriage has gone too far for the bans to be forbidden, it might at least furnish occasion for raising the question, whether it is to be the first of a new series or the last of an old series.

Rhymes and Roundelays in Praise of a Country Life. Illustrated by Messrs. Goodall, Ansdell, Foster, Dodgson, Weir, Duncan, Hulme, and Absolon. Bogue.

If you take up a stray scrap of paper in a French office, ten to one you find a woman's face scratched on it by the pen of an amorous clerk. Go into an English one, and we wager you will find a sketch of a tree or a huntsman flogging a hound. There can be no doubt that we English, above all races, love the country, and hold cities mere bearable evils,—convenient, advantageous, social perhaps, but still things to be run from when we get rich, famous, old, or sick. This book, a pleasant bait for us country-lovers, is quite a galaxy of Art and Poetry. There are choice bits of Shelley, Keats, Clare, Tennyson, for all the changes of the seasons; and to adorn these verses and verses comes Mr. Dodgson with his old manor-houses,—Mr. Absolon, with his rural, square-toed dames,—Mr. Taylor, with his wiggled huntsmen,—and

Mr. Weir, with his matchless ducks and sedate cows. Here is every artist with his peculiar faculty and way of looking in full cry. Mr. Taylor, for instance, always frank, free, and natural, gives us hounds in a cover, heads down and tails up, flashing about in spots of white, all motion and dash. Here is Mr. Ansdell, neck and neck with his deer the moment before starting, its limbs strung, like a bow, its head thrown back, and its ears flung forward. Mr. Absolon has a harvest-field, with snatched kisses and Sophia Westerns turned gleaners. Mr. Foster, in the cold, bright, still Rhine moonlight, has pulled himself out like a telescope, and appears rather epical than miniature. To judge from results, artists really enjoy such work as this, and revel in the freedom of choice and the largeness of the publisher's purpose. There is less haste, less clap-trap, less meretriciousness, than in ordinary prints or more hasty and less well-chosen books.